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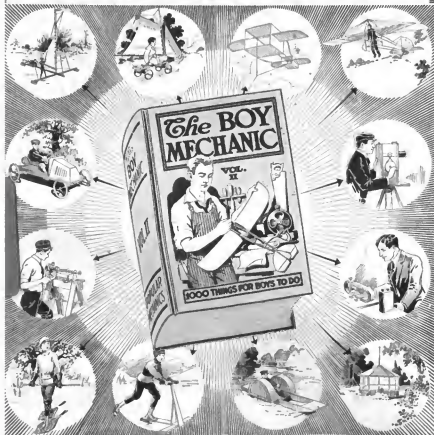
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CARTOONS MAGAZINE

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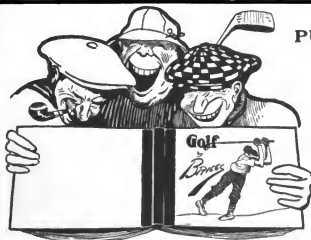


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The Landon

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You Can Learn to Draw if You'll Get the Right Training

In spite of the many successes among Landon-trained cartoonists, people still write in from time to time and ask whether "it really is possible to learn drawing by mail."

It certainly is possible—the record of this School is proof of it! **BUT REMEMBER THIS:** In order to learn to draw successfully you *must* have the *RIGHT* training. Above all else, you must learn how to do *Original Work*. Without a knowledge of how to make original drawings the student is *helpless to advance!*

Now, there are two theories of teaching Original Drawing, and you should judge carefully between them. One, known as the Copy Method, has been in use for 25 years. By the copy method you are given a course of lessons including a series of plates which contain subjects to copy. On most of them are printed small reproductions of different artists' work. The student is directed to copy these pictures. It is supposed that, if the student continues long enough copying the work of others, he will eventually learn to do original work himself.

As a matter of fact, however, when the pupil is suddenly given an assignment to create an original drawing, he is at a loss how to proceed. He has been given no preliminary instruction on how to draw. He is supposed to have absorbed that, somehow, from his practice. He has to guess, flounder around, and finally—if indeed he has not become discouraged and quit—he sends in a drawing for criticism without the slightest idea whether it is within a thousand miles of being correct.

The Landon School does not use the

THE KNICKERBOCKER PRESS
ALBANY, N. Y.

November 26, 1917.

Mr. C. N. Landon,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Dear Sir: A great many persons who have talent for drawing and would like to take up cartoon work, are missing their opportunities because of needless worry about how to get started in the right way. If they could only realize the many advantages offered by the Landon Course of instruction in cartooning, and the personal attention which you give to each of your students, I am sure their doubts would disappear.

I believe that the Landon method of teaching is absolutely the best and I know that any person who likes to draw and who is willing to devote a reasonable amount of time to the study of the lessons, will make no mistake by enrolling with your school. The Landon School points out the road to success in the cartoon business to all those who will follow instructions faithfully.

Very truly yours,
FRED O. SEIBEL.

School News

WANT TO LEARN TO DRAW

OHIO

1918



copy method, and does not believe in it. By the new method, originated by this School, you receive lessons containing an extensive series of big plates. And these plates contain over 1000 sketches in series form.

The sketches show clearly the first principles of Original Construction. The text that accompanies the plates explains fully the REASON for each different step.

Then the lessons and plates go on and explain, *step by step*, how to draw heads, hands, complete figures and so on. As your eye follows sketch after sketch, and you read the clear, simple instructions, you soon begin to master the rules of Original Drawing. You begin to create pictures yourself. You become able, not merely to copy some other artists' work, but to construct original drawings of your own!

In other words, YOU ARE LEARNING TO DRAW!

It is an important fact that practically all Landon students go on and *finish the course*. The pupil keeps on because he is *interested*. He keeps on because he can *actually see his progress from lesson to lesson*. He realizes that *all the guess-work* has been cut out for him—in advance. He finds that he is learning—*systematically*—all the things he needs to know in order to become a successful artist.

If you will make a careful investigation you will learn that a large proportion of the younger generation of successful artists have been trained by the Landon School, and you will surely be convinced that you, too, can learn to draw successfully by this method.

For full information about the Landon Course, together with samples of pupils' work,

ALLAN WALKER

CARTOONIST "THE AUSTRALIAN MOTORIST"
NEWSPAPERS
MELBOURNE

2nd Dec., 1917.

Mr. C. N. Landon,

Dear Old Chap: You really must excuse the way you don't receive my lessons. Fact is, I can't find the time just now to do them. All my spare time is taken up with the work I am turning out for "The Australian Motorist" Newspapers.

I'm only about three-quarters of the way thru the lessons, and honest to Pete, I don't know how you do it at the price. Why, my first in print paid me the full price of your course.

He who hesitates may take it from me that the Landon Course of Cartooning and Comic Drawing is "Dinkum" right thru, and a sure way of getting there.

I do hope to be able to get on with my lessons again shortly.

Bucketfuls of thanks from your far-away pupil.

ALLAN WALKER,
Originator of the Motor Mite.

11,000 MILES AWAY

WRITE

The Landon School OF ILLUSTRATING AND CARTOONING
1595 Schofield Bldg., CLEVELAND, OHIO



DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW?

Don't waste your time merely copying funny pictures. Learn how to draw ORIGINALS, which have some value.

These little poster comics were drawn by **Edwin Bidinger**, 805 W. Illinois St., Urbana, Ill., for his HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL. He was only 15 years old when he enrolled and has been turning out some clever stuff lately. He has not yet finished the course. He writes:

"I am writing this just to thank you for these clever sketches you made on my drawings and to tell you that I have been more than satisfied with your course. The encouraging spirit of your criticism has been of the greatest benefit to me, and I believe would be a great help to any other young fellow who is interested in cartooning."

We attribute the success of our students to the individual care and attention given to the criticizing of their work. We do not boast of the large number of students we enroll. We want this school to be estimated by and judged by what it produces. Former students are drawing for some of the largest papers in the country. Cartoonist Pim of the *Birmingham News*, who had a full page cartoon in last month's *Cartoons Magazine*, is an old student of this school.

Send a small sample of your work and we will mail you portfolio and booklet with full details about the course.

The W. L. Evans School of Cartooning

"The School that Has the Reputation"

822 Leader Bldg., CLEVELAND, OHIO

Volume 13

MARCH, 1918

Number 3

CARTOONS MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT 6 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO



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Towards Love

From a painting by P. Courrier-Belleuse, of Paris

PRESIDENT WILSON has revived the Ananias club. In reply to Senator Chamberlain's criticism that the war machinery has almost entirely ceased functioning, he characterized the accusation as "an astonishing and absolutely unjustifiable distortion of the truth."

Senator Chamberlain, as chairman of the senate committee on military affairs, has sponsored a movement for the appointment of a superior war council, to consist of from three or five, which shall be superior in authority to the present members of the cabinet.

"In this policy," as the Philadelphia Public Ledger points out, "should it receive the sanction of senate and house, the legislative branch of the government will take a position directly in opposition to the expressed wishes of the president, and will for the first time since the declaration of war refuse to accept the guidance of the executive."

The injection of Secretary Baker into the fight is incidental. His conduct of the war department is merely an argument used by the friends of the war council to prove their

The Administration Critics

case. The struggle is between two conceptions of the conduct of war.

One conception is that the executive—as commander in chief of the American fighting forces, with the actual administration of affairs in the hands of cabinet members and bureau chiefs—should be supreme.

The other conception is that responsibility in the conduct of the war must be unified and centralized in a war council, in order, as the Philadelphia Inquirer says, that the president may be provided with "machinery for carrying on the war with greater efficiency."

Congress, the Inquirer goes on to say, has placed vast responsibility in his hands. He wields more actual power today than any other man in the world, unless it be the kaiser. But he cannot follow every detail. He must be influenced by those around him.

He must, in fact, rely to a very great extent, upon what others are doing.

"Now, the president certainly cannot close his eyes to the fact that everything is not going as well as it should. Senator Chamberlain, himself a democrat and a loyal supporter of the president, declares openly that the machinery of the war department has broken down. We would not go that far. The machinery has not actually broken down, else nothing whatever could be accomplished. But it is a fact, and so proved by the testimony of Secretary Baker himself, that it is sadly out of order.

"Not only has there been grievous delay in the war department, but there has been confusion worse



Kirby in New York World

"You're doing it all wrong."

and It's

confounded in the handling of transports and supply ships. Some of them have gone out only partially loaded. Some have been detained for days in port. Congestion has become a crying evil, and largely because of the red tape system in use in the quartermaster general's bureau of the war department.

"Add to this the fact that various Atlantic ports are virtually neglected by the government and that New York alone seems to have its attention as a terminal for shipment, and we have a condition that is deplorable in the extreme."

The Chicago Tribune questions the good faith of the administration's defense:

"Some of the opposition to government reorganization is tricky and deceitful. Either it willfully misunderstands the policies Chamberlain presents or it deliberately seeks to have the people misunderstand them."

Two points demand popular comprehension, says the Tribune:

"1. That the superior war council would not be an authority over the president, but under him.

"2. That no possible reorganization of the war department itself would remove the necessity for a superior war council.

"The opposition to centralization—which wins," says the kaiser—seeks to cloud both these points, to distort them, to turn them back on the proponents of the legislation presented by Chamberlain and make them the mainspring of a popular opinion which will support the president in his present position.

"This is not fair opposition and a sound



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Cassell in New York Evening World

Congratulations!

cause does not need such trickery and could not command such misinformed supporters. If the opponents of the superior war council really believe that this instrument is intended to supersede the presidential authority, to establish at least a conflict of authority, they have no case. Its purposes are exactly the opposite."

And, the Tribune continues, "the president himself has realized his need of support from agencies not now recognized in the law.

"How else may we explain Col. House, whose missions have been numerous and most important? Who had the all important mission of officially representing the United States at the interallied conference in Paris, at which war methods and peace aims were agreed upon? The unofficial Col. House.

"The president is asked to accept the use of a needed government organization, to employ its services, to make its services the services of the most talented organizers in the United States and thus to obtain what Americans of all people understand best—team work."

The chief merit of the war council would



Sykes in Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

The Hole in the Doughnut

be, in the opinion of the New York Times, that it would create what does not now exist, a body with authority to give its whole attention to the conduct of the war.

"At present there is no one who does that, not even the president, for it is physically impossible for him to do more, overwhelmed as he is by manifold executive duties, than approve the plans of others or suggest changes in them.

"Senator Chamberlain's bill gives the president the power to review and revise the labors of the war cabinet and to exercise through it the powers conferred upon him by the constitution.

"Mr. Wilson would still be supreme and dominant, commander in chief as well as president. The Chamberlain proposal would assure both coördination and the direction needed in the conduct of the war."

But there are other motives to be looked into, says the New York World, which re-

gards the adoption of a superior council as "one way to lose the war."

"The motives of the men that prepared this measure," says the World, "may be as pure and lofty as Senator Chamberlain would have us to believe; but if so, we have little respect for their ability or their judgment. The only possible result of such a measure as theirs, assuming that it could become law over the veto of the president, would be to divide the executive authority, disintegrate the government of the United States and lose the war.

"Senator Chamberlain assures us that the public is entitled to the confidence of the committee that framed

this measure. Perhaps, then, he will begin by telling it why the president was never consulted and learned about it 'only at second hand.' Perhaps he will explain why the cabinet was not consulted and why none of the president's other advisers were consulted. Perhaps he will explain why the president of the United States, the commander in chief of the army and navy, should have been kept in ignorance of a bill that goes to the very heart of the conduct of the war and undertakes to revolutionize the government of the United States."

And the Philadelphia Record, in a satiric vein, says that "the proposed triumvirate would consist of 'three distinguished citizens of demonstrated executive ability.' It does not appear that the representation of the republican party is contemplated."

"Folly," says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, "is the only word that designates the senate



Cesare in New York Evening Post

Troubled



Stinson in Dayton News

Sam: "He had forty years start, but I'll pass him."



Marcus in New York Times

Uncle Sam: "I reckon I might have somebody to put up there."



Harding in Brooklyn Eagle

Cut the Gordian Knot!



Carter in Philadelphia Press

That's What I'm Here For!



Cassel in New York Evening World

Keep Out!

military committee's plan, in the midst of our colossal war job, just as the war department's forces have been reorganized in the light of past mistakes and disappointments—few and small compared with its accomplishments—to nullify all that has been done by another sweeping reorganization, stripping the president of his constitutional powers as commander of the army and navy and chief executive of the nation and reducing the members of his cabinet to chief clerks of government bureaus.

"If the bill did not strip the president and his cabinet of their powers; if it were not unconstitutional in form, it would still be foolish to try to disrupt the just-completed organization and plans of the administration and to force upon the president a new organization against his judgment and will."

The Newark News regards the council as a fifth wheel. "If the prospects were that it would be a

driving wheel to which every other could be related and by which every other might be speeded up to required service, the proposal should be given serious consideration. But the prospects are just the reverse.

"The super-board, to all appearances, would be an impediment, not a help; would complicate, not simplify, would make the president merely a vetoer of measures instead of initiator and director. With it, in the midst of war, we should have to begin all over again in the matter of organization. The country has no time or business to throw away the tools it has."

In the opinion of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, we are dangerously near to losing our heads, in true American fashion, and furnishing aid and comfort to the enemy.

"The unfortunate feature of such a controversy as that now raging at Washington is that it is certain to be misinterpreted in the capitals of our enemies. Remembering how Americans welcome every sign of dissension in Germany or Austria, it is easily



Kirby in New York World

Stabbing Him in the Back



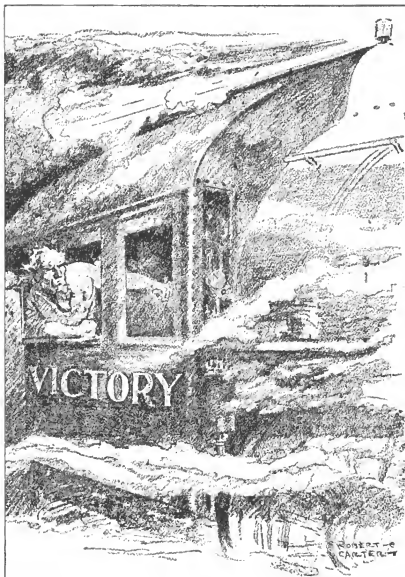
Kirby in New York World

Pouring Oil on Troubled Waters



Evans in Baltimore American

"If I can't fight the kaiser, I'll fight the president!"



Carter in Philadelphia Press

THE LIMITED
Take This Line Over, Too

perceived how the present situation at Washington may be exaggerated and glorified for Teuton consumption.

"But if the Germans are likely to get a wrong impression of the issue, Americans must maintain their mental equilibrium. It will be remembered that no one at Washington is objecting because war against Germany is being pressed too vigorously; no one is arguing for an early peace; no one believes that the United States is fighting too hard or that we should cease our efforts against Prussianism. On the contrary, both sides are insistent that the war shall be pressed with every ounce of strength to bear in the fight.

"Neither republicanism nor partisan democracy is entitled to a hearing at this

time. One should forget that a national election is at hand. The fact to remember is that anything tending to weaken American participation in the war is unpatriotic. It might readily become disastrous."

The Washington Star regards the whole affair with a fine spirit of detachment and cries, "Quit wrangling; win the war."

When Senator Chamberlain said that our entire military establishment had broken down and that every branch of it was inefficient, says the Star, "he generalized too broadly. He verbally 'slopped over.'"

"When the president said in effect that Senator Chamberlain distorted the truth, that what he said was of no importance and that congressional inquiry into war conditions was hurtful, not helpful, he surren-



Chamberlain in Philadelphia Evening Telegraph

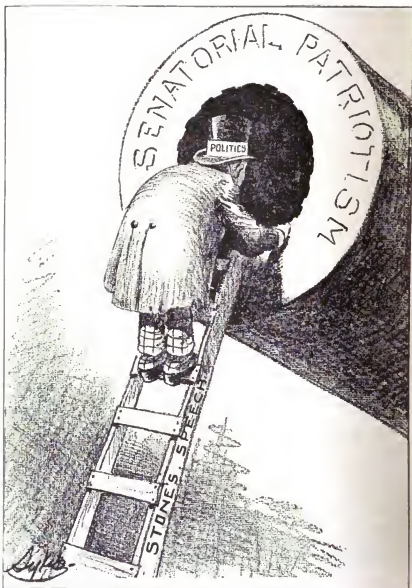
Secretary Baker's Reply



Norman Lindsay in Sydney Bulletin

THE WAR GOD'S SHRINE

"The real enemy is the war spirit fostered by Prussia. There will be no peace in the world, nor liberty, till that shrine is shattered and its priesthood discredited forever."



Sykes in Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

Another Investigation

dered a measure of his usual fine control of his tongue. Is it irreverent to suggest that for a moment he, too, 'slopped over'?

"Senator Chamberlain as a national legislator has rendered and is rendering conspicuously efficient patriotic service, notably in respect to the selective draft, food control and the preparedness of universal military training. His opinions, like his work, are of value.

"Congress is a coordinate branch of the national government. A war congress does not perform its functions if it does not keep informed concerning actual war conditions and to the best of its judgment and with all its might remedy any evils or shortcomings that may be disclosed."

The net result of recent inquiries has been, the Star thinks, to correct certain defects and omissions, to promote efficiency, to speed up war preparation, to stimulate the people to more devoted national service and to renewed patriotic self-sacrifice.

"On the whole, everybody is to be praised, not blamed. Let us look to what is done, and well done, as well as to what is left undone or done poorly."

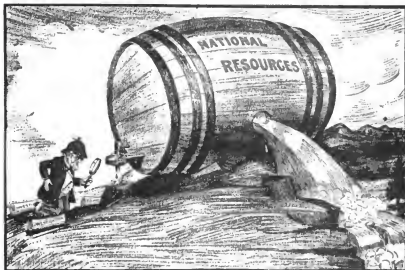
Or as the Newark News puts it, "A truce



Bombing in San Francisco Chronicle

Effective Bombardment

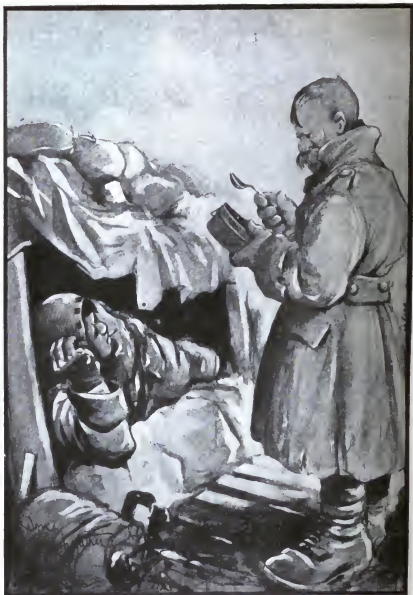
to talk of panaceas. Let facts be faced and acted on rather than giving voice to mere criticism and discontent."



Baer in Washington Times

Take Good Care of the Spigot, but don't Forget the Bung-hole on the Side

A cartoon by Congressman J. M. Baer of North Dakota, intended, as he says, not as a criticism against the government, but as a criticism against the senate committees who are criticizing the government, and while investigating the spigot, are wasting the great national resources.



Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather in The Bystander, London

THE SOOTHSAYER WITHOUT HONOR

"Look 'ere; if we gets blown up in any more o' yer dreams, there's goin' to be trouble."



Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather in The Bystander, London

DOWN AT THE BASE CAMP

"'E 'as to pick up odd bits of paper and match-ends down the camp, sir; but 'e don't seem to 'ave 'is 'eart in 'is work, air!"

FUEL ADMINISTRATION GARFIELD'S drastic edict giving the country east of the Mississippi an enforced vacation of five days and a succession of "heatless Mondays" after that quite threw industry into a panic. The senate in an eleventh-hour resolution tried in vain to have the order modified. Protests were raised throughout the country, but Garfield's thumbs were down, and he had the full support of President Wilson.

A few newspapers accepted the conditions philosophically, observing that only a great necessity must have been responsible for such an order, and admitting that the authorities at Washington knew more about the situation than the layman. "Give Garfield a chance," they said.

Other newspapers, however, called for the immediate revocation of the order and demanded Garfield's summary removal. They referred to the edict as a "frantic blunder," "the most drastic and alarming action in the history of the nation." Garfield, they

Garfield Gives Us Mondays

declared, had lost what public confidence he ever had. Garfield had "demoralized business," had "torpedoed industry."

At the present writing it seems probable that "heatless Monday" already may become an institution of the past, and that the efforts of the administration will be centered on the coal movement itself. There is still plenty of coal, but recent blizzards and the railway congestion have combined to restrict its distribution. With fuel given the right of way and embargoes placed on other merchandise it should be possible to move the mine output almost normally.

While interpretations of the order were in many cases carried to extremes. Druggists were allowed to sell soothing syrup

but not cigarettes. Even candle light—though how the burning of a candle could prevent coal from reaching England is a mystery—was frowned on.

However, for once in its career, the American public obeyed the law. Americans heretofore have not been any too scrupulous in this respect, and regarded the average law as something that could be broken at pleasure.

The disastrous results of Dr. Garfield's order, the Philadelphia Public Ledger remarks, will be felt both at home and abroad. Says this newspaper:

The order of the fuel administration, closing practically all industries east of the Mississippi for five days and decreeing nine "workless" Mondays thereafter, is the most drastic, the most alarming



Kirby in New York World

Garfieldized

Heatless

action ever taken in the history of the nation. Indeed, none of the nations in the thick of the conflict, however near exhaustion it may be, has yet made such a shameful confession of failure to meet emergencies. Doctor Garfield throws up his hands in abject surrender. He asks us to sit idly by until the crisis is past. He proposes to save thirty million tons of coal by disorganizing industry, by checking trade, by inflicting financial losses almost beyond computation. It is as if a fireman should see a house burn down without making any effort to put out the fire, as if a coast-guard should see a wrecked ship sink without launching a lifeboat. Americans have always prided themselves on their energy, their ability to cope with the most perplexing problems, their resourcefulness in the face of danger or disaster. What must they think when a man appointed to deal with a vital situation, able to command the fullest cooperation from experts, weakly admits that it is beyond his control and in a moment of panic deliberately invites a national collapse? What must they think when the president of the United States, who appointed him with slight regard for his fitness, approves and supports him in this fatal error?"

Says the Brooklyn Eagle:

"The resignation of the country to the inevitable does not mean that it is satisfied to have the present fuel administration continue in power. Dr. Garfield has completely lost whatever measure of public confidence he ever had. The president's judgment in selecting him is impeached by events which cannot be thrust out of the public mind by



Kirby in New York World

Blue Monday

explanation or apology. With industry stagnant when it should be running under the highest attainable pressure, with employers and employees sharing losses of many millions, with war enterprises halted to the injury of the United States and its allies, it is time for Mr. Wilson to recognize the necessity for a change.

"In his statement to the public Dr. Garfield emphasizes the congestion on transportation lines, the accumulation of manufactures due to war demands, zero weather and other factors contributing to the coal shortage. His statement, intended as an excuse for the drastic order of suppression, is in reality a confession that he cannot rise to the requirements of a great task.

"The people don't want excuses. They do want a guarantee that the sufferings, the deprivations, the inconveniences and the losses in money and in effort they now endure shall not recur at some later time. They will not thank Dr. Garfield, they will not thank the president for such relief as this order may provide. They will understand that as the sacrifice is entirely theirs, the remedy of which it is the price is to be credited to them and not to the incompetent



Sykes in Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

The Immediate Job

officialism that produced the malady requiring such remedy.

Under these circumstances it is not unreasonable to ask that public confidence in the fuel administration be established by the elimination of Dr. Garfield and the substitution for him of some strong and experienced man whom the country can trust to meet an emergency standing up, and not seek to escape from it by lying down."

"A frantic fuel decree" is what the Providence Journal pronounces it. Says the Journal:

"Here is an effort to rectify a succession of pathetic blunders by paralyzing the industrial life of the United States. But can the most practical business-like nation in the world risk a second exhibition of this character, to its own humiliation and the

satisfaction of its enemies?"

In defense of Dr. Garfield, the Washington Star observes:

Dr. Garfield's statement in explanation of the fuel order puts the case squarely before the people. Our manufacturers have produced more rapidly than our facilities for transportation have developed. The consequence is a congestion of goods at our ports and on the lines leading to them that cannot be broken until the ships that need coal can be supplied. Hundreds of ships are waiting in harbor for fuel. Until they move the congestion will remain. This congestion, in turn, blocks

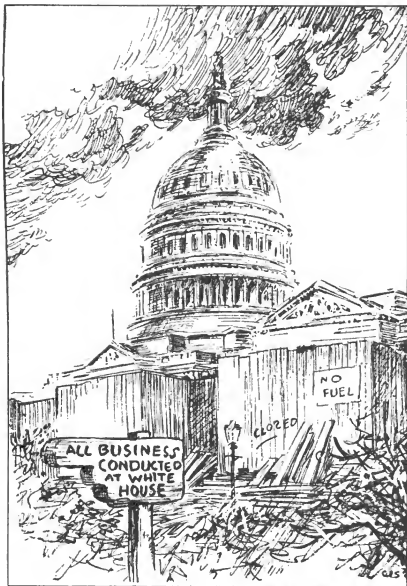
the means of moving coal for the people's use. The suspension of manufacturing is, therefore, a remedy to check the accumulation of further blockading supplies upon the rails."

"Give Garfield a chance," says the St. Louis Republic, which adds:

"The Garfield order is drastic. It was unexpected and hence came as a shock to the whole country, especially that portion of it directly affected by the order. Yet it is so he presumed Dr. Garfield knew what he was doing.

"He could have foreseen the bursts of indignation, the telegrams, petitions, protests in every form, the congressional resolutions that would follow his action.

"Then why did he do it? Certainly not to popularize himself.



Cezare in New York Evening Post

This May be Ordered



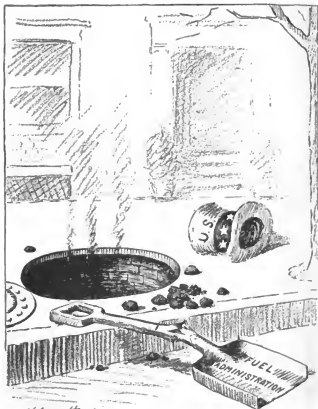
Cesare in New York Evening Post

Old King "Coal" Was a Merry Old Soul



Cesare in New York Evening Post

Coal



Nelson Harding
Harding in Brooklyn Eagle

Where He Fell Down

"The only conclusion is that he considered the order necessary, and as President Wilson approved it, he must have agreed with the fuel administrator. These men are in better position than anyone else to know the real fuel conditions in the United States at the present time. It is Dr. Garfield's business to know them.

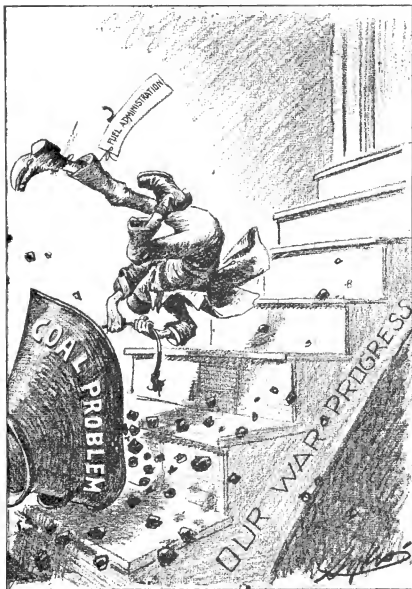
"In view of the constant reiteration from all sides of the necessity for speeding up industry, especially shipbuilding and munitions making, the country has come to believe that there is something sacred about the whirring wheels and turning lathes.

"For such radical interference with our war preparations there must be some ex-

cuse, some explanation in Dr. Garfield's mind. He says the step was necessary as the lesser of two evils, the other being widespread domestic distress, suffering for lack of fuel and food among our own people. It was also necessary, he says, in order to move ships. In that case, the coal shortage is worse than the country had any reason to suppose. It is an immediate, overshadowing menace, and not something remote, inconvenient for a few days, but gradually disappearing, as most of our troubles do when we approach them. As between freezing and starvation for our own people and a short delay in factory work, the institution of a 'sec-

ond Sunday' in each week until March 25, even the harshest critic of Dr. Garfield would scarcely hesitate, especially if he or his family were the ones who were to freeze or starve."

But it is results after all that count, and we have Dr. Garfield's word for it that the results justified the radical measures which were taken. This, in the opinion of the New York World, will "encourage the country to go through the period of enforced idleness with patience if it can be assured that substantial progress is being made in the desired direction. The American people are not given to long attacks of pessimism. By nature they have too much en-



Sykes in Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

Yes, It Ought to "Wake Us Up" All Right



Ireland in Columbus Dispatch
Heart Trouble

ergy and vitality to surrender to despair.

"For the few days that the wheels of industry are slowed down and labor finds itself unemployed the people will have a chance to do something besides wait for

the railroads to deliver coal for domestic consumption and for the bunkering of ships awaiting supplies in port. With intelligent management the problems of railroad blockades and congested terminals will be worked out. In the meantime, the public, by adjusting itself in mind and spirit to the purposes behind the order for the suspension of industry, will profit in the end by the hard lesson administered to it. It has not yet taken to heart seriously the need of strict economy and self-denial.

"It is time to get away from the personal, selfish or detached point of view and see things in their larger aspects. The time has come for greater concentration of effort, not by a few officials who speak with the authority of the government, but by millions of Americans who have a stake in their country and are determined to see it through the war at any cost to themselves.

"It is as true of us as it is of Great Britain, in the words of Lloyd George, that if we do not go on we will have to go under."



Hungerford in Pittsburgh Sun

A Friend in Need



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At the School Door

From a painting by N. P. Rogdanoff-Belinsky, exhibited in the Musée Alexandre III, Petrograd, and embodying the new spirit and the new hope of the Russian republic.



MODERN
Horrible Predicament of Captain Browne, Who



IMPEDIMENTA

Observes an A. P. M. Advancing Towards Him

Wilton Lunt in The Bystander, London



From Novy Satirikon, Petrograd

The Last Chapter



Harding in Brooklyn Eagle

No Man's Land



BRANT A. CARTER
Carter in Philadelphia Press

The Bear of All the Russian

restorations if she could do so and still 'save face.'

"The experienced democracies of America and western Europe laughed at such tactics, and refused to be lured into the trap. The bolshevik 'government' at Petrograd, however, took the bait. Whether these newly discovered solons thought the leopard had changed his spots or believed that his claws could be clipped by a socialistic phrase is uncertain; but they came to the conference which Berlin demanded. More, they did this as the climax to a course of conduct which utterly demoralized the Russian armies—already sufficiently damaged. They staked the fate of their country on Prussian honor and bolshevik cleverness.

"Behold the result. Assured of the helplessness of her victim, Germany demands the partition of Russia. Poland, Lithuania, Courland and a large part of Esthonia and Livonia are to be ceded outright to the central empires, for incorporation into the scheme of 'Mitteleuropa' in any way that the

crowned robbers desire. Finland is to be 'free,' under German tutelage. South of Brest-Litovsk, all territory is to be considered as belonging to the Ukraine.

"What is left of Russia would be but a huge wedge, with the base against Siberia and the apex at Petrograd. It would be virtually cut off from the Baltic by German control of the gulf of Finland. It would be cut off from the Black Sea by the Ukraine—which likewise would own the leadership of Berlin. Hemmed in on every side, Russia would be only an economic province and political satellite of the conquering Prussian junkers.

"What Russia will do is a mystery. If a union of all patriotic parties and leaders can be effected, the country's magnificent distances will enable it to hold out till it can be reorganized. But it is not clear that the bolsheviks, even now, will share their usurped authority,

and no one can say how deep the artificial division has gone between Muscovy and the Ukraine. All we know is that if this last piece of German aggression does not wake



Carter in Philadelphia Press

More Smoke Than Heat



Donahay in Cleveland Plain Dealer

The Babe in the Woods



Copyright, Underwood and Underwood.

Spring

A fantasy in clay by D. Mastroianni, of Paris.



Briggs in New York Tribune

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND

Two Episodes of War and Peace as



Briggs in New York Tribune

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND

Pictured by the Mark Twain of Cartoondom

Germany's Peace



Kirby in New York World

The Fight Behind the Lines

GERMAN diplomacy has again run amuck. Three years and a half of war have taught it nothing. It uses the same blundering methods that have leagued practically the entire world against the central alliance.

Germany's latest attempt in the way of "big-league" diplomacy has been to drop a smoke barrage in front of the enemy's diplomatic trenches. This subtle proceeding consists of talk of peace on the basis of no annexations and no indemnities.

It was too crude. Premier Lloyd George was the first to brand the move as mere camouflage, followed by President Wilson, who set forth America's idea of a just and lasting peace. President Wilson not only upheld the principle of no annexations and no indemnities, but laid special emphasis upon the right of all peoples to self-determination in the working out of their political destinies.

This served as a cue to the bolshevik delegates at the Brest-Litovsk conference.

Haase, the leader of the independent socialists, was particularly outspoken in a speech in the reichstag.

"The situation, though clear enough in itself, was," said Herr Haase, "illuminated when the *Tägliche Rundschau* reported, as the result of a crown council in Berlin, that Russian Poland will be attached to Galicia, and the kingdom of Poland, thus united, will be joined by personal union to Austria-Hungary; that Kurland will be declared a dukedom, Lithuania a principality, and both countries attached by a personal union to the Prussian state.

"That was the revelation of an enormous annexationist program, stamped with the seal of the darkest cabinet policy. Even the most dull-witted person can no longer assert with honesty that the war is to be continued only for defense against enemy schemes of dismemberment.

"If it were to be possible to impose these terms by the sword it would be nothing else than the creation of the conditions for a

Talk Camouflage

new war. We must abandon those terms."

Then came Count Czernin, the Austro-Hungarian premier, with a speech that lacked the uncompromising, militaristic note of all recent German utterances. The reports of the count's speech as they reached America, through the Wolff agency, made him say:

"I think there is no harm in stating that I regard the recent proposals of resident Wilson as an appreciable approach to the Austro-Hungarian point of view, and that to some of them Austria-Hungary joyfully could give her approval. But she must first lay down this principle that—insofar as these propositions concern her allies, whether in the case of Germany's possession of Belgium or in the case of Turkey—Austria-Hungary, faithful to her engagements to fight to the end in defense of her allies, will defend the possessions of her allies as she would her own."

"That is the standpoint of our allies, in regard to which there is perfect reciprocity."

But it is now known that this paragraph was distorted to suit the purposes of German propaganda. The corrected version, as printed in the Vienna papers, reads:

"So far as these propositions concern her allies — whether in the case of German posses-

sions, Belgium, or Turkey—Austria-Hungary, faithful to her engagements, will go to the extreme in defense of her allies. She will defend to the last the pre-war possessions of her allies even as she would her own."

In other words, Austria will not be a party to Germany's imperialistic ambitions with respect to Belgium and the provinces to her east.

Bulgaria is also nursing a grievance of her own. Recent speeches by Count von Hertling, the German chancellor, have had not a word for this small but ambitious nation.

As a sop the Nord-deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung "explains":



Kirby in New York World

"They shall not pass!"



Norman Lindsay in Sydney Bulletin

The Peace Duet

"The chancellor's speech was primarily a reply to Wilson's. As Bulgaria is not warring with America, she was not mentioned in the speech."

What Turkey, Germany's other ally, is thinking about only Allah knows.

In the meantime German military plans proceed apace, and von Hindenburg announced the other day that the German army would be in Paris on April 1, and because the peace camouflage was so crude, the allies are bending every effort to break up what promises to be a gigantic German offensive on the west front.

The New York World, on the other hand, believes that German peace talk is not camouflage, but an attempt at compromise between the military and political principles. In a speech by Count von Hertling, in reply to President Wilson, the World

sees a complete reversal of policy.

"Scarcely more than a year ago, in reply to President Wilson's note asking for a statement of aims and objects, the German government flatly refused to discuss peace terms except behind closed doors.

"To Wilhelmstrasse the discussion of peace was the exclusive privilege of emperors and chancellors and official representatives of governments, and something about which peoples were not to be consulted.

"Germany has lived and learned. Hardly less significant than the reversal of policy revealed by Count von Hertling's reply to President Wilson and Lloyd George is the change in tone and temper.

"Rejecting some of the American and British proposals, qualifying others and accepting only those which touch least the power and prestige of the German autocracy, there was none of the theatrical defiance staged by Doctor von Bethmann-Hollweg a year ago when he declared, in relation to the allies' reply to President Wilson: 'We have been challenged to fight to the end. We accept the challenge. We stake everything and we shall be victorious.'

"There is a new note, too, in the chancellor's speech. No longer is the pretense made that the allies are seeking to dismember the German empire and give the German people over to their enemies. Count von Hertling takes pains to insist that 'President Wilson's tone is now different



Sykes in Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger
Why He Always Falls Down



Stinson in Dayton News

Peace—By Prussian Fist and Sword



Sykes in Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

"Well, I try some more."



Casest in New York Evening World Copyright, Press Publishing Co.
It's Up to You, Wilhelm!

from what it was before his sow dissension between the German government and the German people.

"As for the British prime minister, he too has 'altered his tone' and 'no longer indulges in abuse.' Practically the same point is made by Count Czernin, the Austro-Hungarian foreign minister, who is even more conciliatory than the German imperial chancellor.

"The chancellor's speech reveals a different Germany from that which set forth a year ago to wage ruthless submarine warfare upon enemy and neutral alike. The old-time Prussian defiance is gone.

"Unlike his predecessor, von Hertling no longer discusses peace in terms of a German victory. The Germany that spoke through him is not pointing to the map and proclaiming itself the con-

queror of Europe. It is a Germany that is on the defensive at home as well as abroad."

Germany, says the New York Times, must learn that, in the phrase of Premier Lloyd George, "the days of the congress of Vienna are long past." The Times quotes recent remarks by Dr. von Kuehlmann, in which the German foreign minister says that "the national will is always formed and expressed by a relatively small number of spiritually developed and patriotically inspired leaders."

In other words, the future of Germany will continue to be in the hands of the military caste, who alone are the upholders of patriotism. Germany, in other words, "is the leading authority, Austria-Hungary a living embodiment of the doctrine that 'a relatively small number of spirit-

attempt to ually developed and patriotically inspired



Kirby in New York World

Will He See It?



Copyright, New York Evening Post

Cesare in New York Evening Post

TOO TRUTHFUL

William: "He'll never make a diplomat—he speaks the truth."



Bernard Partridge in *Punch*, © London

"I AM THE MAN."

"What is wanted is a moral deed, to free the world . . . from the pressure that weighs upon all. For such a deed it is necessary to find a ruler who has a conscience. . . . I have the courage."—Extract of letter from the German kaiser to his chancellor, dated October 31, 1916, and recently published in *The North German Gazette*

leaders' must fix boundary lines and decide the fate of provinces and peoples. Dr. von Kuehlmann is thinking altogether in terms of the old diplomacy, when states were enlarged or carved up with regard only to the interest of dynasties; the people of the states were considered no more than the swine in their sties. His 'spiritually developed' few are the Czar Alexanders, the Metternichs, the Nesselrodes, the Hardenbergs, the Count Bernstorffs of 1918, faithfully applying the principles of their prototypes of 1815."

The new recruits were very keen. One man especially did everything with energy. The order was given to march, and the enthusiastic one, who was in the front rank, set off with a will.

He strode out, arms swinging, head erect, and eyes strictly "front," and never noticed that he had left his comrades behind.

The drill sergeant swallowed hard, and then called sweetly, "Say! You! When you get there, send us a picture postcard."—American Boy.



Harding in Brooklyn Eagle

It Cannot Stand the Light



From A Careta, Rio de Janeiro

Kaiser Bill: "Come over here, kid."

Angel of Peace: "Why don't you come over to me instead. Isn't the distance just the same?"

the HOME GUARD MILITARISM



PUTTING into PRACTICE



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Ray McGill

Suffrage Forces



Kirby in New York World

"Here comes the bride!"

WHILE leaders of the woman's-suffrage cause have every reason to congratulate themselves, both on their November victory in New York state, and their more recent one in the house of representatives, the trained observers of the press warn them not to be too optimistic.

True, they have made great gains during the past year, not only in the United States, but in Great Britain, where at the outbreak of the war the suffragettes were regarded as

"wild women."

Woman's part in the war, however, both at home and on the firing line, has done much to enhance the cause of suffrage.

Women who can brave shell fire to nurse wounded soldiers, or who can share uncomplainingly the vicissitudes of camp life with the sterner sex, certainly are capable of playing their part in the civic life of their country and community.

Champions of woman's suffrage have won over to their side an influential supporter in President Wilson, and doubtless the chief executive's endorsement had something to do with the favorable vote taken in the lower house.

The suffrage forces have captured the outlying trenches, but the

real struggle is yet to come. The senate, it is believed, will be a barrier to further progress. This, for instance, is the opinion of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, which says:

"Careful analysis of the vote whereby the woman's suffrage amendment passed the house of representatives fails to justify the

optimism of the leaders of that cause, who already see the senatorial acquiescence at hand and state ratification coming. On the contrary, it appears to indicate that the real struggle is ahead.

"The congressional delegations of twenty-eight states favored the amendment by at least a two-thirds majority; the delegations of twelve states opposed it by at least two-thirds, while delegations from the other eight were about evenly split. On the basis

Win Another Trench

of a full attendance when the matter comes up in the senate, sixty-four votes will be required to insure submission. The suffragists must not lose a single state that was with them in the house and must gain half of the doubtful eight. Yet only three of these eight gave even a bare majority for suffrage in the house.

"It may be, of course, that the senators will not vote as the representatives of their several states did or that the states themselves, when the matter comes up for ratification, will follow the leadership of their present representatives. Of the thirteen states of the 'Solid South,' the delegations of all but Oklahoma, Florida, Kentucky and Tennessee were against suffrage. Oklahoma was the only one largely for it, Kentucky, Florida and Tennessee representatives being about equally divided. But Maryland, which usually stands with the 'Solid South,' was against it. Thirteen states can prevent ratification.

"Outside the merely academic question of state rights it is not hard to understand why the

South should be overwhelmingly in favor of national prohibition and opposed to equal suffrage. In the one matter they dread the influence of liquor upon their preponderant negro populations and in the other they fear the accession of thousands of women votes to their already baffling negro-suffrage problems. This is a situation which



Copyright, Kline Publishing Co.

Cassel in New York Evening World

Suffrage!

that, to be realized aright, must be realized as a fundamental necessity of human progress. Yet the fact that the president of the United States has come out for federal conferment upon women of the right to vote makes the issue pregnant as not before in the United States.

"Mr. Wilson formerly regarded suffrage to be within the sphere of states rights. He now feels that the war has nationalized it. Very many friends of the cause of suffrage, whether they believe it to be immediately beneficent or not, do not take quite seriously this reason for change of heart by the head of the nation. They feel, however, that the question of the rights of states versus federal prerogative is an issue that could hardly be fought out in the present centralized spirit of the nation. The matter of method of achievement is not important as bearing upon the principle, but only as to domestic convenience and sentiment. Yet, should a federal amendment be enacted, the

would be glad to have a delimiting clause, such as was fixed to the prohibition amendment, so that suffrage would not hang about the skirts of the state legislatures and play its part in national politics forever and a day. Those who have observed closely the historical facts of women's emancipation are satisfied that for present weal or present woe, but inevitable future good, the sex will achieve the ballot."

The Philadelphia Inquirer indulges in some speculation as to why President Wilson executed his right-about face on the question. In view of the closeness of the house vote, the Inquirer believes, a word against suffrage from the president would have defeated the issue.

The president's stand, in the opinion of this newspaper, was due not to the recent White House picketing, which was harmful rather than beneficial to the cause, but to



Alexander III, Petrograd. It shows a
th, snow-covered village of Znamensk.

The American Crusade

by Mme. Leonie Bernatchini-Sjoestedt

LAST summer at one of the seaside resorts I was greatly moved by the sight of the arrival of the first American troops at a port near by.

In this remote corner of France no American had been seen before; but the name was on everybody's lips. At the druggist's, or rather at his wife's for everybody is now mobilized; at the grocery and butcher shops, wonder stories were told about Americans. Said one: "They are people who come with their pockets full of gold and throw it to the four winds. At X—placards were put up calling on the merchants to carry all this gold to the banks. They pay any price for anything, and when you ask them 40 sous they give you five francs and say: 'Keep the change'. This makes prices go up so we natives can't live at all."

To these little village shopkeepers the American soldiers seem nabobs who draw money at will from inexhaustible sources and spend it like water.

Old peasants coming into the store before mass to buy something or other—they still wear the old national costume and the old fuzzy felt hat with ribbons hanging behind—gravely shook their heads, too wise to give credence to such marvelous tales. Taciturn by habit, they said with slow solemnity: "It is the will of the good Lord that they come."

It is in the will of God that our peasant population—as profoundly imbued with religious faith as in the middle ages—trust for the help that may come out of the sea. Thus it is that they translate into the language of their souls the gratitude with which all France greets the American crusade.

I have been told that in certain western districts American troops are billeted among the inhabitants, and I know that, in their honor, municipalities have ordered the vast heaps of manure that in most Brittany villages line one side of the road, removed to the fields—no small task, when it is remembered that only women, children, and old men are left to take care of the farm.

Plans are being developed to improve these farm houses, many of which were

built two or three hundred years ago. The influx of Americans will thus serve to ameliorate the sanitary conditions in these districts, the people of which are rather conservative, but beloved by all France because they give us our best soldiers. Bretons and Vendéans are famous for their stubborn courage. To the former was in great measure due the credit for the first victory on the Yser, won at terrible sacrifices.

Very independent, a little suspicious of strangers—and to them the Parisian tourist is a stranger—they cherish with zealous love the little parcel of land they own and from which they derive a modest living. Briseux, their national poet has described them in famous songs.

"Nous avons un coeur franc pour détester les traîtres,

Nous adorons Jésus, le dieu de nos ancêtres,
Les chansons d'autrefois, toujours nous les chantons.

Nous ne sommes pas les derniers des Bretons,

Le sang de tes vieux fils coule encore dans nos veines,

O terre de granite, recouverte de chênes."

(Our hearts are clean and we hate the traitors,

We adore the Lord Jesus, the God of our fathers,

We still are singing the songs of old,

We are not the last of Brittany's sons,

The blood of your sons still flows in our veins

O land of granite and oak.)

"Finistère" is the name the ancients gave to the extreme point of the Breton peninsula which runs out into the Atlantic like the prow of a ship. But the landscapes of the interior are as smiling and fresh as the coast is wild and forbidding. It is in one of the most charming parts of this country that a vast American camp was established this summer, which I was fortunate enough to visit together with several journalists.

I am sorry not to be able to describe the wonderful countryside where it is located, but we had strict warnings against this as

well as against indicating in any manner the units or origin of the American contingents now in France. However, numerous German prisoners were working in the camp, which was then not quite completed, though some troops were already installed there. The prisoners wear earth-colored caps and large white coats of coarse linen marked P. G. (*prisonnier de guerre*). They look treacherous, and work sullenly and slowly in a manner that reminded me of the Kabyles now employed as street cleaners in Paris. A French sergeant, watching them working, said with a shrug of the shoulders: "One ought to whip them up, but we are not in the habit of treating humans like cattle." They seemed content with their fate and said to their guards: "*Toi capout, moi reste après guerre.*" (You dead; me still alive after war.) It was proposed to exchange all soldiers who had been prisoners for three years, but France refused, fearing the Germans would send their repatriated prisoners back to the armies.

Among this throng of Boche prisoners and French auxiliaries, excavating the ground, mixing concrete, etc., small groups of American soldiers walk around in their new uniforms. An American private who receives 150 francs a month is a millionaire compared with our poor *pionnier* with his traditional pay of one sou (one cent) which was first raised to 25 centimes (five cents) a day, and now has reached the high level of one franc (20 cents) when on trench duty.

The French eye now easily distinguishes the British and American soldiers, whom in the beginning their common language tended to confuse. The latter are more slender, supple, and more rapid in their movements. No effort was spared—in the large camp I visited—to make them as comfortable as circumstances would permit. It covers 7,000 hectares (about 18,000 acres) and presents all the different formations of terrain which are needed for the training of the troops. Backed by a magnificent forest, celebrated in Celtic legends, it offers maneuvering space for thousands of men. Smiling valleys cut up the vast plateau and from its heights the view extends several miles over the surrounding country. Spacious stables with room for thousands of horses have been erected here. Gun ranges are ready for practice shooting. A water system assures abundant supply for daily

baths and showers. For this purpose the Boche prisoners were employed to dam a river and divert its waters for distribution all over the camp site. "It has been our desire," said the amiable colonel who was my guide, "to make our guests feel during their period of training that we have been solicitous for their welfare in every way in our power."

Before leaving the camp I expressed a wish to talk with one of the American soldiers. Colonel X. courteously consented and introduced me to a young Sammy just returning from a football game and still flushed with the exertions of the contest. Supple and strong as a young Greek god, he smiled blushing, his eyes radiating a just pride.

"My impressions?" he said, "I am happy—very happy—to be in France; and I would be still happier if we could go to battle at once. There are only two good things in life: liberty and effort. It is well that we should use one to insure the other."

"What I might wish is a few days' furlough to visit Versailles."

A fortnight later I had an opportunity to visit another American camp, this time in the east, a few kilometers behind the firing line. Here the routine was more severe, comfortable as it might otherwise be. No more German prisoners for the hard work; they must not be employed so near the front. And the American commander insists that the Sammies master the hard job of digging and burrowing that the tactics of the Germans have imposed.

Here one sees and feels the war.

Deep trenches with multiple entanglements of barbed-wire fences have been established by the Americans under the same conditions as when facing the enemy. These troops will serve as the nucleus of the future American army, and all these energetic-looking young men breathe the same proud heroism that, no doubt, long ago inspired the crusaders departing for Palestine.

The trenches are sometimes made to represent enemy lines to be attacked. Bags of sand, placed in them, represent Boche soldiers. A British sergeant teaches the Sammies to pierce these bags with the bayonet. "At them, boys," he cries; "there is no good Boche but a dead one!" A little farther away another detachment, in full fighting equipment, practices jumping over



Georges Scott in L'Illustration, Paris

Le Jeune Soldat Americain

a water-filled ditch. It seems hopelessly wide; will they ever make it in one bound? With impetuous élan, the Sammies with clanging of arms arrive line after line on the other side. One hears the rattle of the machine guns (the French compare the sound with that of a coffee mill), the "barking" of the 75's, now familiar to all French ears. Speed in attack is the best safeguard of the attackers; during the first minute after "going over the top," the enemy's machine-gun fire—I am told—is erratic, and one must try to gain as much ground as possible while the danger is least. That is one of the reasons young soldiers are required for attack.

In bidding the American officer who had been my guide, farewell, I could not help saying with emotion: "It is a beautiful thing this: an entire people fighting for justice."

"Yes," he answered gravely; "This war is indeed a holy war against the spirit of evil. But for those who are leaders it would have been a crime to shed so much blood without realizing its dire necessity."

America has avoided the mistake which, in 1864 and 1871, first France and then England committed in permitting the enlargement of the empire of the rapacious Hohenzollerns, who now try to grip the whole world in their tentacles.

WHEN THE FLAG COMES BACK

James N. Hatch in Chicago Commerce

YOU have heard the bugle calling, heard the measured drumbeats falling,
In the morning, in the evening, all the day,
You have seen where they're encamping, and have heard the steady
tramping

As our gallant boys in khaki march away.
Out of life from every station, out from every life vocation
They are going out to fight for you and me.
On their banner is the token: Tyrant rule must first be broken
E'er the Stars and Stripes come back across the sea.

Oh the cry that never ceases from those countries rent in pieces,
Where the children have forgotten how to smile;
This is no time for debating, no time now for useless waiting,
Men and money must keep moving all the while;
Moving, moving to the border, solemn, silent, and in order
With the banner hung to heaven fair and free,
Bearing always the same token: Tyrant rule forever broken
When the Stars and Stripes come back across the sea.

With a grim determination we are moving as a nation
In the bome and in the factory and the field;
Busy fingers knitting, sewing, furnace fires forever glowing,
That our gallant boys to want shall never yield.
There's a Sammy you are backing and you'll never leave him lacking,
For he's fighting that the foe shall never see
This fair land, until invited, when his course of action's righted,
When the Stars and Stripes come back across the sea.

You can hear the bugle calling, hear the measured drumbeats falling,
There's no turning, there's no stopping by the way,
If you pause, then others perish, whom your efforts now could nourish,
Give your money, time and effort—don't delay.
Working, working, never ceasing, giving more and still increasing,
Knowing always what the end can only be;
Waiting, watching for the token, that the tyrant rule is broken,
When the Stars and Stripes come back across the sea.





Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Haro Tekrian

PHYSICAL EXAMINATION

"Hey, doctor, he's a bluffer, he has put on his mama's shoes to look bigger!"



John C. Argens.
Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by John C. Argens

He: "I hear that your husband has given up his profession as a doctor."

She: "Yes. He was so absent minded. Why, when we were married and he was about to place the ring on my finger, he felt my pulse and told me to put out my tongue."

In "Verboten" Land

THE stringency in the allied countries is nothing compared with that in Germany. This was revealed incidentally in a disclosure of the censorship rules put into effect in Germany last spring and recently given out by the state department. They are interesting as showing how absolutely the kaiser's government controls the press—not only as to the news published but the manner of its publication, the comments on the news, and even the headlines.

Probably no single incident of the censorship is more significant than this prohibition, issued on June 11 last:

"Advertisements in which dog flesh is offered for sale are not allowed. Their acceptance is forbidden."

It has been indicated that England might have to go on rations, and the French bread allowance has been cut down, but in neither country has there been reached anything approaching a condition such as is indicated by this edict.

The strikes and strike meetings held in various parts of the empire are forbidden publication, likewise "reports concerning disturbances in Koenigsburg, Prussia, and concerning a warning from the commander of the first army corps, which followed in the Koenigshurg press, are unpermissible."

The reported dispatch of Russian agitators to spread German propaganda in Russia is confirmed by a prohibition of any mention of the passage of these from Germany through Switzerland, later modified by permission to mention the matter, but without comment.

It is obvious that the simple mention of the passage of these Russians would convey the idea that they were expatriates going back to their own country, while comment must disclose the actual purpose of their dispatch.

The discussions in the Austrian parliament of the speeches of those members who voiced the growing discontent and war-weariness of Germany's principal ally are forbidden.

The full accounts of the speeches of La Follette, carried by every American news-

paper, illustrate the difference between our way of doing war business and that of our enemy.

Not only are the German papers instructed as to what they may not publish, but they are told what they must print.

So, while they are forbidden to mention a bombing expedition to London that failed, they are bidden to emphasize the effectiveness of the submarine warfare. They are also told how to handle the news of the American expedition, thus:

"Petit Parisien informs us that five American divisions, numbering 125,000 men, may be expected in France in the autumn of 1917. It is urgently requested not to reproduce this information without some comment.

"We do not wish to underestimate the ability of America to accomplish things, but must not on the other hand overestimate it. In order to bring a division over from America 75,000 tons must make the trip twice. Therefore, from the mere fact of lack of space, the transportation of such a body of soldiers within certain fixed time limits is impossible.

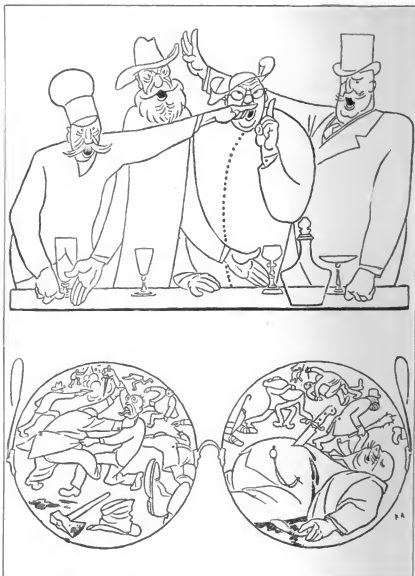
"Moreover, it is impossible to train these troops properly by autumn. These facts, which have recently been discussed in the German war news, cannot be too strongly emphasized in the discussion of that French news."

Everybody in America knows that what the German censor bureau pronounced as impossible has not only been accomplished but exceeded. The number of men they say could not be transported in five months we could transport in five weeks without straining our shipping capacity.

The German press was instructed to make the most of English reports of disturbances and disorganization in Russia, and is told "occasionally add thereto a critical word."

Such expressions as "it is therefore requested to discuss continually the occurrences on the Isonzo," in relation to Austrian successes, are frequent in the instructions.

An ingenuous instruction had for its pur-



From Simplicissimus, Munich

THROUGH REUTER'S SPECTACLES

How Our Internal Politics Really Are and How They Appear to the Outer World

pose the terrorizing of Russia. This was early in June. Says the German director of the press:

"In one of the future issues it might be mentioned that the present situation in Russia has the appearance of being caused by the entente with the view of her (Russia's) continuing for a time—perhaps until the actual participation by the Americans. How long that will be remains to be seen. It is of consequence (a matter of importance) to set forth the opinion that a new offensive will speedily take place as amounting to a conviction."

Fires and explosions are among the things disclosed by the prohibitions. The conflagration in the flying station, Lawica, and an explosion in the Friedrichstrasse

station in Berlin are specifically mentioned as the things newspapers must not print.

Among the other unmentionable news matter are the invention of food and other substitutes and the scarcity of various articles. Germany has no intention of revealing the straits to which the war has reduced her.

All told, the picture that is painted by these confidential instructions indicates the desperation of Germany.

Naturally it is not disclosed how our state department got possession of the censorship rules. There will be other disclosure of German secrets from time to time just to indicate to the kaiser that we are better than green hands ourselves when it comes to espionage.—Chicago Herald.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Perry Barlow

THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY
Where the Fishing Was Always Good



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Norman Anthony

THE DAWN OF TOMORROW

"A boundless continent, dark waste and wild."—Milton's *Paradise Lost*



Broekensiek in De Amsterdamer, Amsterdam

"I am peace—see my wings: I am war—see my head."

Will Germany Desert the Kaiser?

AS a rule reports coming from Berlin regarding the unrest of the German people, the spread of socialism in the central empires, and the growing dissatisfaction of Austria, bear the trade-mark "Made in Germany," and are intended palpably for American consumption. Such rumors heretofore have been a species of German camouflage, and were not taken any too seriously in the United States.

More recent news of rioting in Berlin and Vienna, of the demands of the workmen and the socialists, and of the suppression of outspoken newspapers seems to have somewhat more of a foundation. We have seen what happened in Russia almost overnight. Will allied victory and peace yet come from proletariat sources? Is Germany, behind the close-drawn veil of censorship, in a ferment of discontent and revolution?

It is altogether possible that Hans and Fritz are struggling hard to relieve themselves of the pressure of the Hohenzollern

thumb, but those familiar with the pressure of that thumb are not too optimistic over the success of Hans and Fritz. Whatever course events are taking beyond the Rhine, it is hardly probable that the United States will relax one iota from its war preparations, but will go forward more vigorously than ever to launch next spring the campaign that will drive the teuton hordes across their boundaries.

The German newspapers have been deceiving the people about the American army. They have figured it all out neatly in columns of figures that we have not sufficient tonnage to transport more than a small army across the Atlantic. They profess to laugh at General Pershing's expeditionary forces, just as they laughed once at Kitchenner's contemptible army. But they cannot keep up a deception forever, and one of these days the people will find out.

Thus, a summary of the situation reveals the following:

Apparently a large part of Germany is in

the throes of a great labor upheaval. It is attributed to the dissatisfaction of the working classes over the progress of peace negotiations and political conditions generally.

Throughout Germany thousands of the working classes—both men and women—have struck, and many of the manufacturing and war industries are affected.

In Berlin alone, nearly half a million laborers are reported on strike. Likewise, in Kiel, the great shipyard center, at the Hamburg iron works, and in the Rhenish Westphalian mine regions workers have left their jobs.

Leaders of the socialist factions evidently are in control of the movement, with Hugo Haase of the independents, and Philipp

Scheidemann, the majority socialist leader, heading their respective followers.

They demand amelioration of the food situation, the right of public assembly, the release of all political prisoners, and the establishment of electoral suffrage by direct, secret ballot.

Even more serious, according to reports, is the situation in Austria.

Field Marshal von Hindenburg, alarmed at the developments, has warned the strikers, and has told them that they were being misled.

"Every hour you lose," reads the warning, as quoted in the Rheinische Westfälische Zeitung, "means the weakening of Germany's defense. You are committing

a crime against our army and an act of cowardice against your brethren in the front trenches."

The Russians, too, were accused of cowardice, but that did not prevent them from carrying out their program, and now from among the German people arises Philipp Scheidemann, whose recent warnings and protests may well be heeded by the war lords.

Under the caption "The Truth in Berlin," the New York World says:

"Not since the war began has such a blast of sobering truth echoed in any great German assembly as Philipp Scheidemann uttered before the main committee of the reichstag recently in an-



Sykes in Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

"Now you're fixed for the winter!"



Sykes in Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

Proof



Cesare in New York Evening Post

Copyright, New York Evening Post.

The Closed Well



Copyright, New York Evening Post

Cesare in New York Evening Post

The Lost Chord



Greene in New York Evening Telegram

The Temptation of St. Patrick

swer to Chancellor von Hertling's speech.

"Junker attacks upon Austria have had their inevitable effect; the German emperor's name was 'openly and repeatedly insulted' in the Vienna demonstrations. The U-boat campaign, instead of bringing Britain to her knees in six months, has brought the United States into the war. Germany will never say 'We are beaten'—'But,' says Scheidemann, 'just as little can I see the day when England, France and the United States will say the same to us. An honorable, complete reinstatement of Belgium is our duty.'

"More important than what is said is the authority of the speaker. Herr Scheidemann represents the majority of the 4,000,000 social-democrat voters, those who have loyally supported the war. He leads the largest party group in the reichstag. An actual majority of all its members support him in principle, desiring peace without the victory now seen to be hopeless."

Discussing in some detail the Austrian unrest, the significance of which becomes daily more apparent, the Philadelphia Press observes:

"Detailed reports from Switzerland of strikes spreading throughout Austria, of street traffic in the cities suspended, of work suspended in the munitions plants and the

people everywhere holding meetings in defiance of the government prohibition may be variously interpreted. Some will say that the fever of revolution has been carried across the border from Russia and that the house of Hapsburg is threatened with the fate of the Romanoffs. Others will say that the Austrian unrest is nothing more than a protest against German domination of Austrian affairs, against German annexationist terms to Russia which threaten to prolong the war. Still others will declare that it is an unreasoned expression of mere war-weariness on the part of a people strained to the last point of endurance by inadequate food, intolerable industrial conditions and despair of early victory.

"Probably all of these things have contributed to the Austrian unrest. The success of the Russian revolution has doubtless encouraged the extreme radicals of Austria, but, on the other hand, the blundering high-handedness of the bolsheviks must have inspired the middle classes of the dual empire with mistrust of popular uprisings. German military domination of Austria has never been popular and the recent exposure of Germany's design of wholesale annexations in Russia must have



Harding in Brooklyn Eagle

The Snake



Evans in Baltimore American

Some Job to Hold the Post and Still Look Pleasant



From *Nebelspalter*, Zurich

Fata Morgana

made it even less popular; yet there is a large and influential faction in Austria which believes that the safety of the monarchy demands that Germany, right or wrong, be backed up unequivocally. Again, it is no secret that the Austrian people are war-weary and have ample cause to be; but it is by no means clear that they are incapable of further sacrifices in the name of patriotism."

The Pittsburgh Sun is inclined to be rather skeptical regarding trouble in Austria. We read:

"Reports of labor uprising in the dual monarchy are to be taken with the same quantity of salt that is recommended to go

with similar reports of internal disorders in Germany. The supposition is that many of these rumors are the outcome of propaganda intended to make the allied world, and particularly the United States, ease up on war preparations in expectation of an early collapse of the central allies. While little has been achieved by these stories, still the propagandists have not ceased in their efforts to give currency to stories of their own fabrication. This latest tale of unrest bears the earmarks of truth. Taken in connection with the rigid sealing of the border, which was presumed to have been to clothe in secrecy the movement of troops, there is a strong presumption that in Vienna

and even in Budapest there have been riots and that at this time thousands of workmen are on strike in the capital and in the industrial cities of the south.

"If this be true the cue of the allies is to devote their attention to this weakest of the central powers. Austria, despite it having struck the match that ignited this great fire, has not been keen to prosecute it. The old emperor was burned out and followed the dominant kaiser, not because he wanted to do so, but because he could not help himself. When he signed the treaty of Prague in 1866, he surrendered his

position as the leader of the Teutonic races. Emperor Karl is not in the war wholeheartedly. His wife is Italian and it is said his sympathies are not with the Prussians.

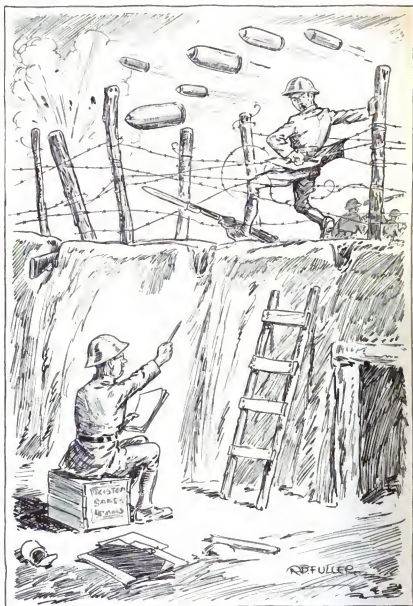
"An Italian victory of consequence would do much to break the morale of the Austrian soldiers.

"It would fan into flame the smouldering discontent of the people and turn the sporadic cases of labor strikes into a movement that would involve every district of the dual monarchy and be so fierce that no German troops could withstand it."



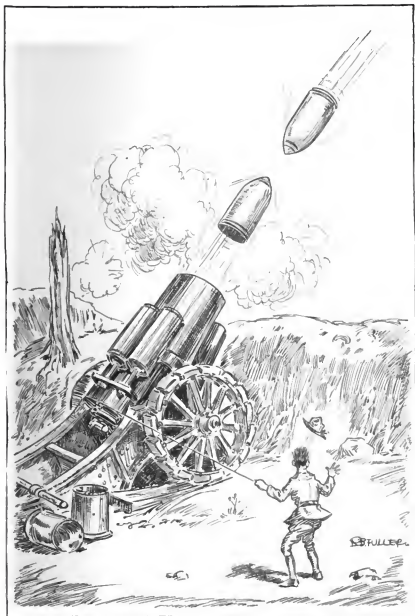
Kirby in New York World

Straight to the Heart



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by R. B. Fuller

The War Artist: "I say, old man, will you hold that pose a minute while I make a sketch?"



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by R. B. Fuller

Nightmare of an Artilleryman



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by G. Glenn Stewart

"Before we were married, Ed, you always insisted on driving with one hand. It seems you are becoming very inconsiderate of me."



From L'Illustration, Paris

Leon Trotsky

What Spain Knows About Mr. Trotsky

NEW light on the career of Leon Trotsky, whose comet has so suddenly appeared in the public horizon, is shed by the Madrid correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor. The remarkable disclosure is made that only a little more than a year ago the bolshevik minister of foreign affairs was incarcerated in a Spanish prison, and his case at the time was decidedly unpleasant.

Practically the next thing heard of him, after he was liberated by the Spaniards, was that he was playing a leading part in the Russian débacle, for they had ceased to take any interest in him.

"The discovery, or remembrance," says the correspondent, "is now first made by

the newspaper *El Liberal*, which, after asking the questions 'Who is Lenine?' and 'Who is Trotsky?' proceeds to give some answer."

The writer quotes this newspaper as follows:

"Since the month of August, 1914, we have been living in the land of fancy, and the most unlikely things are coming to pass. Trotsky, the terrible Russian agitator, was imprisoned in Madrid, on Nov. 13, 1916; a year later he is minister of foreign affairs. What irony! Trotsky was born in southern Russia, and when only 17 had already begun to attack the government in the newspapers. At the age of 19 he was deported to Siberia, where he became acquainted with Lenine.

Like him he succeeded in escaping and reached Austria, where he continued to work for the revolutionary cause. In 1905 he was at Petrograd, where he presided over a workmen's congress, but he was obliged to take flight to Germany, where he published a book on the Russian revolution which was extensively read.

"From Germany he went on to France and at the beginning of the war was editing a newspaper there called the *Nosche Sovs*, which, being of an extremely pacifist character, brought about his expulsion. Thence he took refuge in Spain, and established himself at San Sebastian, but not feeling very comfortable there, he moved in turn to Bilbao, Barcelona, and Vigo, with the intention of departing from the latter port to America. The police, however, arrested him, and he was transferred to a prison in Madrid. Whilst imprisoned he gave the impression of being a cultivated and intelligent man. He remained in prison four days and was set at liberty on Nov. 13. He then went immediately to Cadiz, and afterward to Barcelona, from whence he took ship for the United States. The Russian revolution took him by surprise and he set out for his own country again. The English stopped him, but the Petrograd soviet secured his release; and here he is now foreign minister, in which capacity he has assumed a very heavy responsibility."

"To these particulars given by the newspaper," proceeds the correspondent, "it is possible to add some others of an interesting character concerning this eventful visit of Mr. Trotzky to Spain and his brief imprisonment in a Spanish gaol. The authority in the case is Señor Gomez Carrillo, a well-known Madrid journalist. He says that on the 10th of November, 1916, when he was in Madrid he received an unsigned letter, in which a 'foreign lady, an enemy of injustice,' begged him to go to the city prison to see there an innocent victim of the Russian police. 'Spanish justice,' added this mysterious correspondent, 'has allowed itself to be deceived by Muscovite diplomacy in arresting a journalist who has only committed the crime of fighting for his country and human dignity. The case is that of Mr. Leon Trotzky, who is an intellectual son of the great Tolstoy. He is accused of being a dangerous anarchist; this man who has devoted his life to the cause

of the oppressed. Go, sir, and defend with your vigorous pen this foreign colleague, as he himself would have defended you in like circumstances.'

"Señor Carrillo conceived this to be a matter to be inquired into, and went to the prison where he asked one of the officials if he would kindly tell him what he knew of the history of the man. He did not, however, seem to know much of importance. The man who was detained had been expelled from France, and the French officials communicated their doubts about him to the Spanish authorities at the frontier. He did not, however, have the appearance of an ordinary anarchist. Young, distinguished in his manners, with a nice way of speaking, and generally a touch of irony in his conversation, he spoke no Spanish, and an interpreter had to be requisitioned to question him on behalf of the prison authorities. The interpreter appears to have been much impressed with the marked culture of the prisoner. It was elicited at the prison, that from the time of his entry into Spain, a police agent kept on his track throughout his travels in the peninsula, keeping him in sight at Bilbao, Barcelona, and Vigo.

"Although there was nothing reprehensible in his conduct, he was a puzzle to the agent of the police who observed him writing for long periods at a stretch in the cafés, and at other times noticed him standing in an ecstasy of delight in front of the public monuments.

"The officer also took note of the gloomy demeanor of the man, and of his continual appearance of deep reflection. He spoke to no one and received no letters. The prison official added that at that time the man Trotzky had only been in the prison two days, and the police were busy examining the question of his identity, about which they were anxious. They had sent to Paris and London for information. His papers had been examined, and up to then nothing of a compromising character had been discovered concerning him. In his pocketbook were a few things that the prison officials did not consider very creditable to him. Thus he spoke of the Spaniards as a people of *toreadors* and *priests*. He said that they were decadent in everything; that they ate badly, and, what was worse, that their women were ugly!

"A colleague of Señor Carrillo then took up the investigation. This writer shortly afterward reported that Mr. Trotzky had been set at liberty and had gone to America, and that the whole affair was a piece of stupidity on the part of the police. Mr. Trotzky, it was found, was not a dangerous anarchist, as had been imagined, but just a good journalist, who for a matter of 15 years had been living a life of adventure. From the time of his youth he had been writing articles in the newspapers of his country, which had yielded him a little reputation and some months' imprisonment. After his escape from Siberia he associated with the Russian revolutionaries in Vienna and was an active organizer of the socialist clubs.

"In 1905, when stirring events were on foot in Petrograd, he returned to his own country and put himself at the head of a workmen's society. An attempt at revolution being overthrown, he left for Berlin and remained there till 1914. As to his having been expelled from France, where

he was, as stated above, at the time war was declared, Mr. Trotzky himself said that the cause of this measure was the fact of his having engaged in pacifist campaigns, for, being a pacifist, and a most energetic one at that, he never missed an opportunity of declaiming against war. He said that when he got to New York he would establish a pacifist newspaper there, and some bankers' checks that were found among his papers were being kept for that purpose. There was a considerable contrast between the value of these checks and that of Mr. Trotzky's own personal belongings, for all that he had with him was a small handbag containing a suit of clothes and some underclothing. Some days later they heard in Madrid of his departure from Barcelona accompanied by a handsome lady and two children.

"The Spaniards interested themselves in him no more, except for a day or two, when it was found that he printed in America the notes on the Spaniards which had so much annoyed the prison official."



Drawn for Caricatures Magazine by Perry Barlow

IN THE CONVALESCENT WARD

"And do you suffer very much?"

"Well, my head aches a bit."

"Poor fellow! Why don't they give you some headache tablets?"



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by John C. Argens

UNNECESSARY ALARM

He (to wife who is knitting): "Great Scott! Baby has swallowed a piece of your yarn!"

She (significantly): "That's nothing to some of the yarns she'll have to swallow after she gets married."

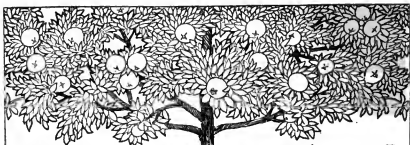
Unlucky "Seconds"

SOPHIE E. REDFORD

SOME curious facts on which we'd not reckoned
Are found in the hist'ry of Monarchs "The Seconds!"
In Great Britain, the last of the Saxon Kings
Was Harold "The Second" who fell at Hastings!
King Edward "The Second" was murdered in jail,
By a trick of his wife—and—so runs the tale—
King Richard "The Second" was, sad to relate,
The victim, likewise, of a similar fate!
King William "The Second" was also cut down,
While James "The Second" lost Kingdom and crown!
Charles "The Second" his brother was *felo de se*,
For he killed himself by his debauchery!
Alexander "The Second" of Russia was blown
To atoms by nihilist bombs, be it known!
Bavaria's Louis "The Second" was drowned,
Napoleon "The Second" dethroned and uncrowned,
Charles "The Second" of France was strangled, they tell!
James "The Second" of Scotland, on the battlefield fell!
Czar Nicholas "The Second" his kingdom has lost,
Like A. Hamid "The Second" he's counting the cost!
King Manuel "The Second" is deprived of his throne,
And, Kaiser Wilhelm "The Second" will soon "get his own!"



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Andre Bowles



Underneath the Bough

To France!

DEAR France, behold us at your side,
All ready now to do our share
To stem the hateful German tide,
And fill the Kaiser with despair!
We're here to fight for God and man!
We're here to pay an ancient debt!
We're here to foil the Devil's plan!—
We've not forgotten Lafayette!

Dear France, behold, we take our place,
An army young and strong and brave,
Determination in each face!
The war we'll win! The day we'll save!
We're here to conquer or to die!
We've never been defeated yet!
We're here to make the foeman fly!—
We've not forgotten Lafayette!

Dear France, behold the fateful hour,
The final hour, has come at last!
No longer need you dread the pow'r
Of Prussia! Her brief thrall is past!
We're here because of Uncle Sam!
The stars and stripes our emulet!
For Kaisers we don't give a damn!—
We've not forgotten Lafayette!

—Harold Seton

A Rondeau of Rapine

SHE took the veil! No one was nigh
To see her tear, or hear her sigh;
A maiden, who was wont to dress
In gowns of perfect loveliness,
I would have thought she'd rather die.
She'd money, too, with which to buy
More than was needed to supply
Her utmost wants, but none the less
She took the veil!

It was a grievous step, and I
Had wuagred little pigs would fly
Before she'd go to that excess,
But now she is in strict duress,
And "doing time." The reason why?
She took the veil!

—La Touche Hancock

Song Of A Soldier

MABEL is beyond compare!
(Gee, I hate the Kaiser!)
Mabel's face is wondrous fair!
(Gee, I hate the Kaiser!)
Eyes of blue and hair of gold!
Yes, a vision to behold!
That is why this tale is told!—
(Gee, I hate the Kaiser!)

Mabel's voice is soft and sweet!
(Gee, I hate the Kaiser!)
Mabel's style is smart but neat!
(Gee, I hate the Kaiser!)
She can sing and she can dance!
Puts a fellow in a trance!
She's in Frisco, I'm in France!—
(Gee, I hate the Kaiser!)

Mabel is the girl for me!
(Gee, I hate the Kaiser!)
Mabel is my wife-to-be!
(Gee, I hate the Kaiser!)
This old war will have to cease!
But, before we talk of peace,
Bill will be a spot of grease!—
(Gee, I hate the Kaiser!)

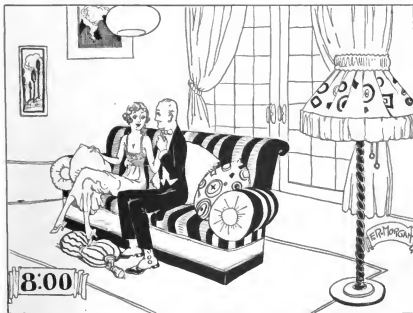
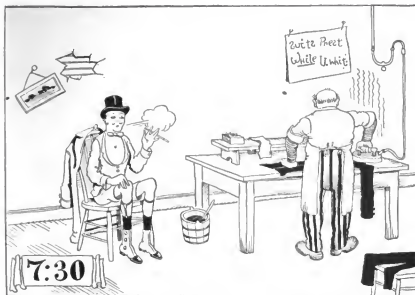
—By Harold Seton

Rondeaux

AT Easter-tide what wish may I
With all my heart send forth to you
At Easter-tide?
None more than this, though much I try,
That tighter all the seasons through
May be the bonds that bind us two
At Easter tied.

When tulips meet on Easter morn,
They nod, and is the world not gay
When tulips meet?
But, ah, what rapture true is born,
What happiness this Easter day,
And how transformed is human clay,
When two lips meet!

—Paul T. Gilbert



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by F. R. Morgan

Pressing His Suit



The Womso Who Likes a Mao Around
But Has No Use for Kiddies



—Who Has No Use for Either



—Who Has No Use for a Man, But Says: "If
you want children, adopt them."



—Who, Glory Be, Loves 'Em Both

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by H. Taylor Lewis



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by John C. Argens

"I hear that the fashion for men this year will be to wear clothes the same color as their hair."

"Great Scott! What will the bald headed men do?"

The Slacker

by George Ethelbert Walsh

ANGRY and sullen that he had been drafted and dragged away from his pleasant home to serve in the new national army, the boy sneered at the gaping, cheering crowds, turned with a snarl when a patriotic citizen clapped him on the shoulder to speak a word of cheer in his ear, and when they reached the ferryboat and a group of little girls blocked the entrance to throw flowers and smiles at them, he muttered something under his breath and pushed rudely past.

It was the same when they climbed aboard the train. Bitter and sullen, watching the crowds of friends and relatives of the new soldiers, the boy held himself aloof, determined not to take any part in the demonstration or to show anything but resentment.

What right had his country to draft him? The war didn't concern him. It was not his fault that European nations should quarrel and fight among themselves. The president had no right to take him.

"D—n the president!" he muttered under his breath.

"Here, Illison," said the captain of his squad, breaking in upon his moody thoughts, "take this seat. We want to keep our boys together so in the march to the camp we can make a good showing."

"I'll not march," was the surly retort. "I'll find my way there as I please. And I don't like that seat!"

He walked to the far end of the car and sat down, with brooding eyes staring out of the window. The captain shrugged his shoulders, and turned to a companion.

"Rotten material for a soldier," he remarked. "The camp will either make or break him."

"Foreigner, I'll bet. They come to this country to get all they can out of it, and then refuse to do their bit to defend it."

"Oh, some foreigners are all right," replied the captain. "There's Dulac and Clug—Swede and Hungarian—they'll make good—fine type of adopted American. And McClung and Paredes in our squad—oh, there's plenty of them!"

Unconscious of their remarks about him, the boy continued watching the scenery outside. His bitterness seemed to increase with the distance from home.

He walked to the camp, straggling behind the others of his squad. His baggage came later by motor truck. As there was no call for duty, he opened his bag, and began fumbling with his clothes and few keepsakes. Lying on top was a letter, addressed to him. He looked wonderingly at it curious to know how it got there. It was from his father, written in his fine, careful hand.

"Son: When you open this you will be in camp, with the excitement and leave-taking over. You will have time to think and consider the confession I am going to make. You did not want to go. I did not want to urge you, but in my heart I prayed there would come a change. I wanted to see you go willingly, eagerly, enthusiastically. But I do not expect any such miracle. We cannot change in a day or week, but if this letter will help you to get a new point of view I will thank God with all my heart.

"I have never told you much about my early life. I have hidden it from you, but you should know now. I came to this country to escape poverty, burdensome taxes, oppression, and persecution. I landed with enough money to keep me for a few months.

"I had looked forward eagerly to the land of liberty. I wept when I first saw the torch of Liberty held aloft in the harbor. Perhaps I expected too much. It was not easy going. I couldn't speak the language of my new country, and I had hard work finding a job. When I got it the hours were long, and the pay small.

"I hardly know how it happened, but I drifted into the companionship of those who were always dissatisfied. They spoke much of capitalism and blood money. They made me believe the new land of liberty was a name only. I accepted their teachings, and became one of them in time.

"Yes, son, I was an anarchist. I hated those who had money or property. I be-



Amid the cheers of the crowd I made my way up the slippery pole and released the flag.

lieved it was my duty to destroy them. I was dissatisfied with all law and government. I was young, and they made a dupe of me so that when a great man of the land was marked for assassination I was chosen to perform the deed. I gloried in the honor conferred upon me. I would be a martyr to the cause.

"I remember as if it was yesterday the scene. It was the unveiling of a monument, and this great man was to speak. It was my great opportunity. With a gun concealed in my pocket I edged closer and closer to the speaker until I stood directly under him. I looked up and gloated. In another moment I would cut him down in the prime of life.

"But something happened to hold me. The flag had become entangled in the ropes and could not be freed. Every one watched the frantic efforts to release it. I looked with the others. Then the great man stepped forward; he glanced up at the flagpole, then down at us—at me. His eyes seemed to burn through me. I was hypnotized, frightened into silence. Then he did a characteristic thing for him. He stepped forward and beckoned to me.

"'Here, my friend,' he said, 'you look like a steeple jack. Are you willing to do something for the flag that protects you?'

"He pointed up. I understood. Something in me stirred. I sprang upon the platform, and then to the flagpole. I was a good climber, and amid the cheers of the crowd I made my way up the slippery pole and released the flag from the ropes. When I came down, and would have jumped back in the crowd, the great man detained me.

With an arm around my shoulder, he said, addressing the people:

"'Here is a man who best exemplifies in the concrete what I intended to say in my speech. True and loyal to the country that has adopted him, he was ready to risk his life for the flag we all honor. In the time of need such men will rally around it, and prove to the world what true democracy means.'

"Then he pinned an emblem of the flag on my coat, shook hands with me, and let me go. That was all. I never saw him again. But I sneaked out of the crowd, threw my gun in the river, and turned good citizen. Prosperity came, and with it you.

"Now, son, the opportunity has come for you to atone in part for the uncommitted crime of your father. If I were younger I would go gladly in your place. But I cannot. So it is for you to atone for me. May God grant you the spirit and the will to serve and do your duty as I see it. I shall work for you, and save for you, and when you come back, if that be God's will, we can begin life anew under the old flag that means so much for us and the hope of the world. Goodbye, son, and God bless you!"

There were tears in the boy's eyes when he looked up. The captain of his squad stood before him. The boy leaped to his feet, and saluted. "I'm ready for duty," he said eagerly. "Is it time to report?"

"Yes, Illison, the roll call has begun," was the reply.

There was an expression in the captain's eyes that sent a thrill through the boy. He grasped the hand extended, and then blushed—in pleasure and not in shame.

CURSES, NOT LOUD, BUT DEEP

Wherin Billy Sunday, at the House Suffrage Session, Calls Down a "Benediction" on the Kaiser

THOU knowest, O Lord, that we are in a life and death struggle with one of the most infamous, vile, crazy, avaricious, bloodthirsty, sensual, and vicious nations that has ever disgraced the pages of history.

Thou knowest that Germany has drawn from the eyes of mankind enough tears to make another sea; that she has drawn blood enough to redden every wave of that sea; that she has drawn enough groans and shrieks from the hearts of men, women, and children to make another mountain.

We pray thee thou wilt bare thy mighty arm and strike that great pack of wolfish Huns, whose fingers drip with blood and gore. We pray thee that the stars in their courses and the winds and the waves may fight against them.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by G. Glenn Stewart

Anticipation



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by C. W. Anderson

The Tempters



From *El Momo*, Mexico City

Gulliver in the Land of the Lilliputians

This cartoon is intended to show how the liberal constitutionalist party, Carranza's own organization, has so tied him that he is unable to do anything.

Latin-America Draws Its Machete

By Harry H. Dunn

TWO more continents went to war with the kaiser in 1917, when twelve Latin-American republics followed the United States in its declaration of hostilities against Prussianism, either by openly aligning themselves with the allies, as did Cuba and Brazil and Panama; or by severing diplomatic relations with Berlin, as did nine other of the little republics to the south of us. Two or three others are wavering in the balance, swayed first to the right by the party of the *aliados* and then to the left by the *germano-filos*, just as their internal political pendulums swing.

Two, and only two,—Salvador and Mexico—both long havens for German spies and agents, still lean away from the forces of democracy so strongly that even their Latin neighbors have cast the eye of suspicion on them and thrown armies along their borders.

In all, counting the two island republics of Cuba and Haiti, and the other nations

from the Guatemala line to Tierra del Fuego, rather more than 90,000,000 people of alien races followed Uncle Sam into the European embroglio, or went as far as they could go toward the transatlantic battle field without actually shipping men to its trenches.

This is the greatest and most unanimous movement Latin-America has ever made. It is marked by greater union of thought and greater speed of action than any one or all of the Ibero-Indian nations ever has manifested since the Spanish adventurers gave them basis for existence by sprinkling the names of the *Hidalgos* through their brown-skinned hordes. Yet it does not mean any union of nations against a common foe; it does not mean that any one of the little republics is joined by any bond—even of common sentiment—to any one of its sister republics who have stepped into the arena; still less does it mean—and see that you make no mistake about this—that any one

of the republics has one jot less hatred for the great English-speaking nations who must win this war, than it had before; nor does it mean that American or British or French nationals, or their commerce, will have one whit more advantage in Latin-America after the war than they had before.

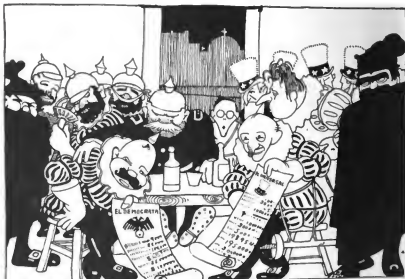
The press of the United States has hailed the entry of the Latin-American twelve into this war as a victory for the United States and the great principle of brotherly love as enunciated by our leaders in their dealings with Mexico. It has been shouted from the editorial tripods of publications—whose editors should have known better—that the southern republics had come to realize and recognize their friends among the nations; that henceforward they would follow where Uncle Sam blazed the way, and that from this year of our Lord, 1918, Columbia's sandaled Feet would fall on

golden carpets when she chose to pass through Latin-America.

It was declared that the Spanish republics brought to the aid of the United States, armies of thousands of men and resources of millions of square miles of lands covered with forests and grain, underlaid with gold and silver and copper and iron, all of which would pour into our shipyards and our factories to help us win the war.

In the face of all this, the trade of Latin-America with the allied nations, including, of course, the United States, was more than \$1,000,000,000 less in 1917 than it was in 1913, before the exporters of Germany were cut off from that field.

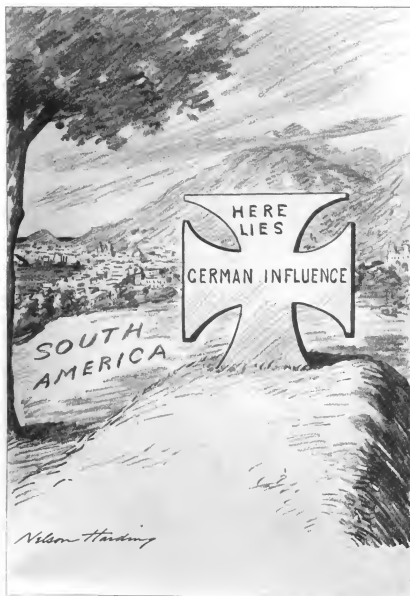
In spite of this, only one nation of the twelve that has taken a stand against Germany, has offered a single armed man, or a single ship to the United States, and that was Cuba, an island which owes its life to the United States.



From El Momo, Mexico City

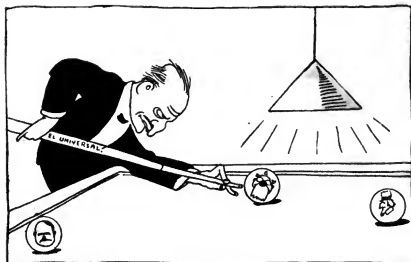
At the Sign of the Laurel

A cartoon intended to show the combat being waged through the Mexican press between the United States and Germany. At the extreme left, dressed in black, is General Obregon, acknowledged head of the German party in the army, but now touring the United States "to increase the friendship between the two nations." Behind him are imaginary Germans, and seated in front of him is Rafael Martinez, commonly known as "Von Rin Rin," publisher of *El Demócrata*, and a strong supporter of the German agents in Mexico. At the extreme right, also in black, is General Gonzales, Obregon's worst enemy, who has urged a declaration of war against Germany. Sitting is Jose Palavicini, an Italian, publisher of *El Universal*. Behind him stands Henry P. Fletcher, the American ambassador, and several other Americans, designated by their hats. Martinez is showing a statement of money received from Germany. Palavicini presents his account with Uncle Sam.



Harding in Brooklyn Eagle

A Suicide



From *El Momo*, Mexico City

A DIFFICULT SHOT

Jose Palavicini, Publisher of *El Universal* (as he plays Carranza against Uncle Sam, with General Obregon as the third ball): "Shall I go out immediately? Impossible! Who knows if it be with one counter or with three?"

As a matter of cold fact, the entry of all, or any part of, Latin-America into the world war means nothing in the way of aid to the United States or her "associates" in this war that their honest, carefully maintained neutrality would not have meant. We are getting, and we shall get, no men from Latin-America, while, if we did get them, they would be of no use to us on the firing line. If you think they would be of aid, read the history of Great Britain's experience with the Sikhs and the Gurkhas, between whom and the Latin-American soldier comparison is similar to that between the American marine and the American national guardsman.

As another matter of fact, we are getting, and we shall get, no supplies of any moment from any Latin-American country so long as this war lasts, for the simple reason that we have not the ships—nor have the southern republics—with which to handle such commerce; and for the second and equally cogent reason that all Latin-America never yet has fed herself, save on coconuts and bananas, neither one nor both of which would go far as food supply for fighting men. Whatever we may say,

every thinking man must know that the world is not doing business as usual. The foreign trade of the United States, which jumped from \$4,000,000,000 in 1913 to more than \$9,000,000,000 in 1917, was not with neutral nations, but with belligerents, a trade which must sink again when the war is over. The imports of every neutral nation with the exception of those of Sweden and Denmark, show a decrease, and their exports likewise have shown a falling off. The markets of neutrals not only have not been developed; their existent, normal needs have not been supplied.

In the hope of bringing into the United States some of the vast number of beef cattle reported to be ranging the hills of Venezuela, Colombia, Bolivia, and the Argentine, the congress of the United States lifted the embargo on these animals. Two big packing companies entered one port of the Gulf coast of the United States, planning to handle thousands of head of these imported beeves every year. Yet not only has this supply of meat failed to materialize, but neither business men nor government of any one of the republics to whom this opportunity of a market was



From Sucessos, Buenos Aires

**This Blessed Standard United with Those of Friendly Peoples, will Do Glorious Work
When It Meets the Enemy**

A rather complimentary cartoon from Argentina which appears to contradict some of Mr. Dunn's statements.

offered, made any attempt to establish shipping lines or to induce shipowners of the United States to open similar service with their ports. Of the lumber of Brazil, the oil of Mexico, and the wheat of the Argentine we shall get no more than we got before we entered the war; and, if we do not settle the little difference between one Venustiano Carranza and one Manuel Pelaez in the Tampico oil field, that source of supply is extremely likely to be closed not only to the United States, but to the allies as well, for only Pelaez and his little band of well-paid, pro-ally rebels have been keeping it open thus long.

Commerce holds few grudges, and the dollar is not molded of sentiment; when we have sponged Prussianism from the political slate and left Hans and Fritz to work out their own destiny, we shall meet that same Hans and Fritz in Fronteras buying mahogany, in Rio getting coffee, in Santiago handling nitrates, in Buenos Aires packing beef, just as before the war. What we can carry to Latin-America for sale at cheaper prices than Hans and Fritz can sell it, that we shall sell; but we shall not sell Latin-America one shoe or one mowing machine, or one set of mine stamps because we led Latin-America to war—unless, starting on an even basis, we prove that we know more about Latin-America than do Hans and Fritz, unless we can undersell Hans and Fritz, and unless we can meet those conditions which Hans and Fritz have been meeting for a quarter of a century among the peoples of the lesser republics.

This much for what Latin-America's entry into the war means to the United States.

Now, why did Latin-America get into the war?

Why did Cuba and Panama and Brazil wait until Uncle Sam took down his own old musket before they drew their machetes?

Why did Bolivia, Peru, Uruguay, Ecuador, Haiti, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica wait until Columbia went to the aid of France before they, too, broke relations with Berlin?

What, in short, does Latin-America expect to get out of this war?

This is not an idle question, nor one lightly to be passed over; it is worthy the careful consideration of every American, most of all of the deep thought of those

whom the dice of the high gods have cast into positions of leadership in this nation. It is a question whose results will not appear until after this war, when, if the Monroe doctrine is to be maintained, if we are to keep that place into which we have put ourselves as the guide, mentor and friend of all the lesser peoples of the new world, it will be most vital that we know exactly on what basis we stand with them; not so much what we think of them as what they think of us, not so much what they can do for us, as what we can do for them, before some other nation does it better and more rapidly than we can do it.

In the first place—and this is just as true as the old discovery about oil and water—the peoples of the United States and of Latin-America have no common meeting ground, neither on planes of politics, social life, education, commerce, or even humanity. Until every one of the Latin-Americas is made over, and made over as Americans already have made over one or two of them, they cannot become marchers in the procession of nations—yet if we are not extremely careful, we shall be eternally barred from making them over by the very fact of their entry into the European war on our side.

The Latin-American nations realize that America must win this war. Not that she may win it, or that she probably will win it, or that she can win it, but that she must win it. The Latin-American nations know, just as you and I know when we strip down to the buff and get into the ring with our own souls that the allies were whipped on that Good Friday in 1917 when Uncle Sam got out the grindstone and began to sharpen up the sword of Bunker Hill. And if Uncle Sam had not reached for that sword just at the moment, the neutrality sign would have been slung to the breeze from every nation in Latin-America except those two or three which are dominated—much to their own benefit—by Americans.

But with America in this war, and in it to win, regardless of cost in men or in money, because if she does not win it in Europe, she will have to fight it to a finish in America, the Spanish republics, with no remarkable or undue perspicacity, have foreseen who will be the masters when the great conflict ends.

And they have been serving masters for

more than three centuries. From the physical slavery of their Spanish masters they moved just a step to political slavery under masters whom they fondly imagine they choose from among themselves, masters who allow their rule to be called democratic and their governments republics. With the exception of Honduras, dominated by a well-known American corporation; Salvador, dominated by an oligarchy; Mexico, misruled by anarchy; and Cuba, governed under the paternal eye of Washington, every one of the nineteen Latin-Amer-

ican "republics" is under the control of one man. In no single one of these republics do the people rule themselves, and in thirteen of them there is a constant battle of wits between the dictator and those men who represent that spirit of unrest so lately laid before the world on a grander scale by Leon Trotzky and his bolsheviks.

Quite naturally these dictators' greatest desire is to hold their jobs. Such was the desire of Porfirio Diaz of Mexico, but he harbored Jose Santos Zelaya, when the latter fell from favor with the republic of



From A Carota, Kuo de Janeiro

President Iregoyen (to Luxemburg, departing with his portfolio wrapped in the Swedish flag): "Now get out, and look out for Uncle Sam, for he is going to inspect your bundle."

the north; such was the desire of Porfirio Diaz, but at a conference in El Paso, seven or eight years ago, he was caught between the millstone of his people and the will of Washington. Less than a year later he had lost his dictatorship to a man whose army at no time exceeded 3,000 men, to a man whose bonds, based on nothing better than promises, had sold at par for nearly \$300,000 in the United States.

Of such are Estrada Cabrera of Guatemala, Adolfo Diaz of Nicaragua, and all the rest of them. They hold their chairs in their various palaces largely by the sufferance of the gringo whom they hate, and how they do love those chairs! Yet, during the war, and after the war, and for such time to come as it requires American education and American blood to gain the upper hand in Latin-America these dictators will persist. Why should not these men who have hewed their way to power with their machetes turn those same machetes in the direction which seems most likely to keep them in that power?

After the war, the United States will be—as she was after the Civil war—the best-armed and the most powerful nation in the world. Will it not be well for the little dictator beneath his caoba tree far to the south to be able to point with pride to his allegiance in the war that made his northern neighbor great? "It is not that we love the gringo more, but that Germany is very far away," naively says the "Voice of the People" of Colombia. "We must take that current which shall best serve us," admits "The Nation," of Buenos Aires, and "The Democrat" of Chile caps the sheaf of editorial comment with the remark, "let Latin-America consider well what course she should pursue in this war of the nations, so that she may come out of it with more power and greater glory than she ever has had."

It is not the voice of the people of Latin-

America that speaks in their declarations of war or their breaches of diplomatic relations with Berlin, though it is quite possible that the people of these countries—owing to their blood allegiance to the romance nations of Europe—would vote for war provided they were given the chance to vote and knew they would not have to fight. It is their rulers, that directorate of dictators which controls Latin-America, which has decided for them, and which has sent them into the conflict to preserve their own thrones against any Central or South American bolsheviki who may arise.

No better evidence could be seen of this than in the split between President Irigoyen of Argentina and the congress on this question of a declaration of war, even after the Luxburg letters and dispatches had told the world just what Germany's agents thought of the people of the Argentine republic. No clearer proof could be found than in the close division of Chile, so close that so far its ruler has not dared to declare himself, lest he lose his official head before he has had an opportunity to enjoy the fruits of his "allegiance" to the United States or the allies.

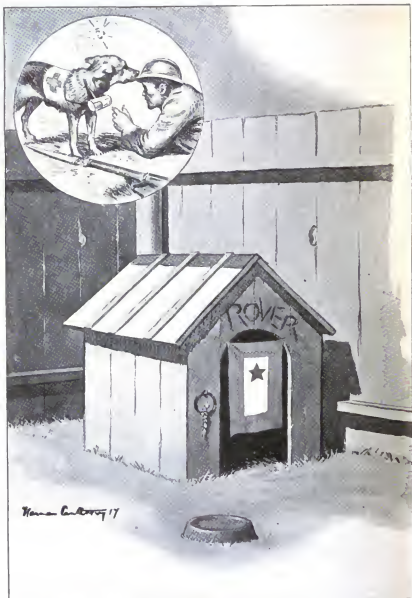
Of all these republics only two are determined not to take their stand with the nations arrayed against Prussianism—Salvador because it is ruled by several men, rather than one, and Mexico because Venustiano Carranza, who is establishing no less a dictatorship than that of Porfirio Diaz, has been unable to overcome the "neutral" inclinations of Luis Cabrera and the congress, largely upheld by a pro-German military party. The cool, unofficial reception accorded Cabrera and the other Mexican peace delegates in Buenos Aires in January, gives a general idea of the attitude of the one-man governments of Latin-America toward a sister state whose nominal ruler happens not to be strong enough to hold all the reins of power.





Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Perry Barlow

"What's the matter, old man; been fighting?"



Norman Anthony 17

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Norman Anthony

"They also serve—"

England Strengthened by War

From an address made recently before the Illinois Bar Association, by the Right Hon. Sir Frederick Edwin Smith, Bart., K. C., M. P., Attorney General of Great Britain, and a member of the first coalition cabinet of Britain.

AFTER three and one-half years of bloody and devastating war the heart of England beats as high as it did in August, 1914. War-worn as she is, I believe that even had we not been offered the succor, the comfort of America's alliance, those islands would have waged this war alone, and I believe that their valor and staying power would have won.

We have been breaking the flower of Germany for three years and a half, and in the next year America will be fighting side by side toward the great end.

I have no hesitation in saying that had not Russia broken down and her armies been withdrawn there is no possible doubt but that another great offensive such as was carried on by the English, French and Italians would have brought the war to a conclusion this year. We in England realize fully the blow of the withdrawal of the immense Russian army.

But in looking back upon the Russian collapse, I can but repeat the words of a great English statesman on the evening when the news came to us.

"Cruel as this blow is," he said, "I pronounce this conclusion: Even with Russia's great army and with America with no army, I would rather have Russia out and America in."

For three centuries the force of international law had been growing. All nations met at the Hague where solemnly their representatives formed tribunals to adjust differences and provide conditions for the amelioration of conditions of war.

I sometimes wonder, when I look back on the solemn mockery of those conclaves, in which all nations, excepting Germany participated with honest solicitude, what those German representatives said about us in their private conversation. We know they never had the slightest intention of paying any importance to any of them.

We thought we were formulating treaties

as solemn as the ten commandments. Now we find that our treaties were not binding and when they are not it is a specie of international anarchy. Knowing this now we must teach these malefactors that there is a court which judges their actions, even though it may be slow in enforcing its judgment.

Tear up every book on international law if Germany's challenge is not met. There will be no more public law in Europe nor in the world. The kaiser's declaration to Ambassador Gerard, when he pressed him by his arguments, "There is no international law" is the open admission of Germany's intent.

The whole relation between states resolves itself into elemental anarchy unless treaties are observed—they can commit any act if they have the force to carry them through.

When this war broke out our pacifist government shared about the same views as your government did before it entered the strife. It believed the German government had honorable intentions and it did not prepare.

We sent distinguished and selected citizens over there to drink tea with their distinguished citizens; we sent others equally as well selected to drink beer with their German hosts. Our editors made visits to the German editors. All returned and reported emphatically that there never was a country so permeated with the idea of pacifism as Germany. And this all happened in the early part of 1914.

Then came August, 1914. We had only about forty-eight hours to make up our minds what to do. Germany had declared war on a Balkan state for the ostensible reason that an Austrian grand duke had been murdered by some Serbian peasants. As an illustration of the English attitude, even then, one of the greatest papers of the



Bernard Partridge in Punch, © London

To All at Home



From National News, London

THE BETTER HALF

Britannia (to Lloyd George): "You know I love you. I accept your explanation—but don't presume too much on my affection, nor forget that I am bigger than you."

empire on the morning the war started carried a great headline, "To Hell With Serbia."

But the menace soon became apparent—a menace long prepared and carefully worked out. It carried both destruction for Russia and France. We were not bound to France by a formal treaty for all purposes—England can enter into no such treaty. But Germany had made up her mind to march through Belgium upon France, and we had agreed to protect Belgium.

We had no army, as armies count nowadays, to stand against this horde of barbarians. But without a moment's delay the

pacifist government took up this challenge and declared that every Englishman would stand in the way of the barbarians.

In the first week of the war we decided our policy, and since that time England and France have stood side by side in the trenches, through victory and defeat, their life blood intermingled.

Those who knew England before the war as a carefree, happy, and secure country, who criticized her leisure and her cultivated society, can no longer hold out that criticism. There is no house in the land but that has been visited by the angel of death; the streets are filled with pale-faced widows, and the orphans are a multitude.

AMERICA TO FRANCE

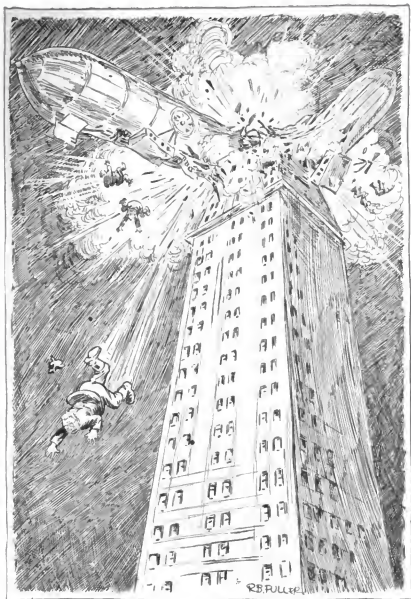
TAKE them, O beautiful France,
Close to your generous breast;
Keep them, my dear dead sons,
Honored, beloved, at rest.
Under your glorious flag,
Under your red, white and blue,
Near to your gallant boys,
Bury my laddies, too.

France, there are tears in our hearts;
Bravely we bite back our pain,
Proudly we try to smile
Over our children slain;
Over the soldiers we bore,
Over our bravest and best,
Over our loved and lost—
Lo, we will stand the test!

Sister and comrade and friend,
Lift up your heart and your head;
Mothers of men are we,
Mothers of noble dead!
Liberty, Justice and Right;
These are the price of their blood,
Shed on your sacred soil—
Glorious, gallant flood!

Steadfast, I come to your aid,
Steadfast, I stand by your side,
There where our heroes fell,
There where our great sons died.
Take them, then, beautiful France,
Close to your generous breast;
Keep them, my dear dead boys,
Honored, beloved, at rest.

—New York Times.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by R. B. Fuller

WHEN THEY COME

Zeppelin Commander: "Dam dose Amerikan sky scrapers, anyvay!"



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by C. W. Anderson

BETWEEN FRIENDS

"Jack says I'm the most beautiful girl in the world. Do you suppose he'll say the same thing to the pretty French girls?"

"Why, of course not. He can't speak a word of French!"

The AGENT and the BURGLAR

By A. H. Folwell



(A TALE FOUNDED ONLY PARTIALLY UPON FACT)

She said she had an aged father to take care of and wouldn't he please leave her some. He said he had a sick wife and several children, and needed the money worse than she did. — From a news report of a robbery at a city railroad station.

It was a station agent and her name was Millie Lou;
She was agent at a station on a lonely avenue,
And very late one evening, when the trains were far apart,
A stranger with a pistol gave her nerves a dreadful start,
For he poked it in the window and he said a thing or two.

He made remarks conventional concerning what he sought;
His manner was imperative, or so the lady thought;
He pointed to the nickels, to the quarters and the cents,
And toying with his pistol in a way to give offense,
He told her that she ought to give them up, she really ought.

Millie Lou at once protested; to the man she made retort:
"Don't take the money, mister; I've a father to support."
"If that be all," he said, "I need the money more than you.
I've got a wife who's ailing, and I've several children, too,"
And he made a move suggestive of a gunner out for sport.

"My father's very old indeed; this money it will buy
Him many little comforts," then said Millie in reply.
"Very likely," quoth her caller, "but I think you will admit
That my wife, because she's ailing, has a better claim to it;
And so I think I'll take it, and I'll take it on the fly."

Now Millie was a plucky and resourceful little elf;
She didn't like the notion of surrendering her self,
So she said, "You have an ailing wife and children, it is true
But you yourself are healthy; there is nothing wrong with you.
I need the money sadly 'cause I'm far from well myself."

A change came o'er her visitor; he almost dropped his gun;
"Don't think," said he "I'm robbing station agents just for fun.
Although of health the picture I am well aware I look,
I have all the ailments mentioned in the family doctor book;
It's an effort, really, for me to come out and get the mon.



I need the money sadly 'cause I'm far from well myself

"I have mumps, appendicitis, laryngitis and the grip;
I have never yet been able to give whooping cough the slip;
My spine is out of kilter, and my heart goes pit-a-pat;
I have walking typhoid fever—I am positive of that—
Why, I even have the sickness which in birds is called the pip."

Millie Lou, the agent, listened till she simply had to speak.
"Poor man," she cried, "It isn't coin, but sympathy you seek.
I can sympathize most deeply if you're feeling to the bad,
For O, the lot of symptoms and the ailments I have had!
I'll mention just a few of those affecting me this week."

German measles, tonsilitis, malnutrition and the chills,
Dropsy, drowsiness, dumb ague—these were some of Millie's
ills—

Loss of appetite, lumbago and congestion in the head,
She suffered, incidentally, most every day, she said.
She had taken quarts of medicine, from aconite to squills.

Though Millie Lou's anatomy was fairly out of whack.
The man behind the pistol he was able to come back,
And they told each other everything, their illnesses compared;
Their symptoms and their sufferings in confidence they aired;
Each being — you have guessed it — a hypochondriac.

The hold-up man he wept to learn of Millie Lou's decline,
And Millie Lou she cried to hear he'd trouble with his spine,
And there at midnight, out upon a lonely avenue,
They wept and wailed in unison with many a wet boo-hoo:
The pistol trembled in between, of sympathy a sign.

"I can't accept this money," through his tears the burglar said.
"You're sick, and you've a father, very old, who must be fed."
"Oh, do not think of me, sir, or of him," was Millie's cry.
"Your ills are worse than mine are; you need it more than I."
"Don't forget your several children, and your wife who's ill
in bed."

They argued pro, they argued con, until the dawn of day;
Just Millie and the burglar (the gun was put away.)
"I couldn't think of taking it; you need it so," said he.
"I wouldn't touch a cent of it, for anything," said she.
And all the while between them there a heap of silver lay.

So earnest were their pleadings that they all but had a spat.
Cried he, "You take that money." Cried she, "I won't.
That's flat."

And as the morning sun arose and kindled all the skies,
The agent and her visitor agreed to compromise:
They left it for the company, and let it go at that.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Harvey Peake

Those — less Days

Bathless Saturday Nights have
Always Been Popular with the
Children

"Well, there's one thing cer-
tain: I'm not going to have any
heatless days down here."

Miss Touchlightly is Doing
Her Bit by Observing Chewing
Gumless Day



FURNACES HERE AND FURNACES THERE,
FURNACES DARN NEAR EVERYWHERE.



YOU CAN'T GET A DRINK
YOU NEED'NT TRY.
THE WHOLE BLOOMIN' STATE
HAS GONE "BONE DRY"

THE GIRLIES HERE ARE CERTAINLY CHOICE
BUT THEIR KNITTING BAGS HIDE 'EM ALL B'GOSH.



JEFFERSON
COUNTY
BANK
BLDG.

IT'S TWENTYSEVEN STORIES TALL
AND IN THE SOUTH, IT BEATS 'EM ALL

SOME FOLKS MAY THINK IT IS A JOKE
BUT RIGHT DOWN TOWN WE'RE BURNING COKE



THIS IS OUR GREAT BIG TERMINAL STATION
WHERE FOLKS COME IN FROM "ALL CREATION"

DOWN IN DIXIE



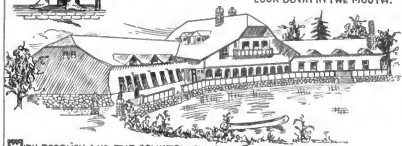
VULCAN
OUR IRON GOD
WEIGHT
11000 POUNDS



OUR NEW POST OFFICE
IS FINE, YOU BET.
BUT YOU CAN'T BUY A STAMP
THAT IS —NOT YET.



THE HOME OF THE NEWS
THE BEST IN THE SOUTH.
MAKES OTHER PUBLISHERS
LOOK DOWN IN THE MOUTH.



WITH ROEBUCK AND THE COUNTRY CLUB
WE'VE LOTS OF SPACE FOR THE OLD GOLF BUG



COUNTRY CLUB

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by W. Paul Pim

Fo



REMARKS

SPRING is always preceded by Washington's birthday. Spring itself may be a trifle tardy in getting around to business but the birthday of the illustrious Washington is ever on the job the very day scheduled for its appearance, and with it comes the story of the unfortunate cherry tree whose little life was snuffed out by the ruthless hatchet of the youthful George. Although this incident is unquestionably true in every detail, the exact location of the historic tree has never been marked on our school maps. Railroads and rivers and the most insignificant mud puddles may be found thereon, but one will look in vain for any X indicating the spot where Washington's honesty and veracity were established. Thus, for one hundred years and more we have lived in utter darkness as regards this interesting incident in American history.

GEORGE'S parent was no doubt a man of unusual foresight and with a desire to inject a little spirit into future American history; hence he allowed his temper to subside at the critical moment, otherwise the truth of the noble character of his son would ever have remained in doubt in the minds of posterity.

Of Mrs. Washington no mention is made. Perhaps the good mother did not agree with her husband on George's general conduct. Or she may have withdrawn from the scene when the elder waxed profane while working himself into a feverish frenzy, preparatory to worming the truth from the boy's lips so that he might forgive him in a manner becoming a loving and indulgent parent. It is woman's nature to prefer the background when her spouse and offspring decide upon an illustrious future. Women are prone to trail behind and applaud the deeds of their malefolk, and such must have been the plausible reason for the absence of the name of Mrs. Washington from the narrative that led up to the period where George became the father of his country.

on G. Washington

by ZIM

PAST painters of Washington portraits have varied so widely in their delineations of that immortal's physiognomy and stature that it was necessary for the artist, in order to render this narrative as truthless as possible, to depict him both lean and fat, both tall and short. No doubt G. Washington had his sad moments when sitting for his portrait, the result of which may not have suited the taste of our later day painters. Evidently not, for they pictured a Washington as they thought so noble a character should look. Owing to the absence of the kodak at an earlier period, no pictures of Washington in his boyhood were possible, therefore our artists' youthful portraits of him stand defiantly unimpeachable.

ONE morning during a very busy and exciting lull in hostilities, Washington discovered himself in possession of an original package of chilblains which rendered his personal comfort exceedingly doubtful. So he flashed a request across the Hudson by means of an ox team and driver for an expert typist to record his dictations for the movement of his troops along that historic water course. There, seated in the identical chair which now graces the homes of several hundred Newburgers, he laid his plans for the early evacuation of King George's troops and made the way clear for the formation of the Hudson River Ice Trust which resulted not many hundred years thereafter.

GENERAL WASHINGTON was as well supplied with military headquarters during the Revolution as some of our millionaires are with bungalows. Wherever we go we find confronting us a Washington's Headquarters with the identical chairs that the general occupied while writing his war orders. If the great Washington had spent his entire time in repose he could not have occupied half the chairs that lay claim to the honor of contact with his coattails, and as





for the sabres that bear the original stamp, he must have hired a caddie to tote them over the battlefields.

THE United States of America has much cause for gratification, for had it not been for the suffering endured by those who worked out the problem of our independence, we would be today without

such luxuries as Washington Parks, Washington Monuments or Washington Pies.

WHEN Washington crossed the Delaware, which was some years after proving himself distinctive and truthful and just about the period when he was entering his country's fatherhood, the skating was mighty rotten on that river. So a few scows were commandeered and thus our hero and his party polled their way through miles and mountains of frappé. They halted only now and then to allow the movie photographers to get a good pose of the general in his new spring uniform and burnished spyglass, standing erect and peering into a Delaware river fog, while his valet behind him, with pike pole, diverted the frigid chunks that threatened destruction to the beautiful picture.



THE Revolution must have terminated in Camden, New Jersey, for it was deemed best by the general that in the absence of wireless telegraphy the round-up should take place in close proximity to the Liberty Bell, so that no delay might be entailed in rending it as fate had decreed. On that glorious day of Independence, the city of Philadelphia aroused herself sufficiently to welcome her new dad and the changed condition of affairs, then returned to her normal state of somnambulism. Washington was ever quiet and unassuming, yet to relieve his newly acquired national family of its nervous suspense he commanded that the bell be cracked at once and the new epoch started on its way as speedily as possible. When our beloved Liberty Bell "rang off" the royal tax collector, she split her youthful sides with exultation and stilled her tongue forever. The old girl is now on her country's payroll with free transportation on all rail-

roads that lead to national doings whenever her presence is desired. There she poses as the mute heroine of an auspicious occasion.

TO BECOME the father of your country is not an easy matter. One must first obtain the consent of five-fifths of the natives to make his claim good. It is a fate reserved for a few only, and George seems to have been one of that particular few. He plucked the right number and was handed the doughnut. Then, as we looked back over his past, we found many worthy deeds that had gotten by us unrecorded, so the poor man's past had to be overhauled and much of it set down in history.

ANOTHER technical point regarding the cherry tree incident. The enormity of such a crime (in one so young and tender of years as George was at the time) depends entirely upon the season of the year in which the act was committed. If the tree were bearing fruit fit for canning, and the canning season happened to be close at hand, then, a father who would forgive his son and heir under such circumstances surely had a tender heart and deserves a bigger space in history.

BEFORE concluding, I wish to say that much of this data was picked up in the streets and gutters during phoolosophical moments. None of it was gathered from published books to render the narrative reliable and prosy. If the statements



already written in history do not tally with these particulars, then it is no fault of mine, but that of the historians.

The day of truthfulness has entered oblivion. This is an age of prevarication with honor, else we should have no use for lawyers, courts, or juries. The time for emulating the noble deed of Washington is not the present, for nothing can be gained today by sticking to the naked truth. Those who persist in it are destined to remain poor and miserable—the laughing stock of the rich and prosperous.



From the Rubaiyat of Ozar Kaizzam

BY HERBERT HERON

NOW the New Year reviving smothered fires,
The thoughtful Czar to solitude retires,
Where the strong hand on Revolution's arm
Puts out, and the imperial name expires.

Romanoff he is gone where no one knows,
And Francis Josef, too, with all his woes;
Yet still the Kaiser wears his fine mustache
And Austria regrets her many foes.

But whether in Vienna or Berlin,
Whether they use a sword or Zeppelin,
The autocrats are slipping cog by cog,
Their crowns are falling toward the garbage-tin.

A book of curses underneath the bough,
Some poison-gas, a roll of dead, and thou
Beside me muttering the Hymn of Hate—
Oh, Europe is a wilderness enow!

Yet think, in consequence of this affray,
Whose battles mark alternate night and day,
How Sultan after Kaiser, like the Czar,
Will make a little speech and fade away!

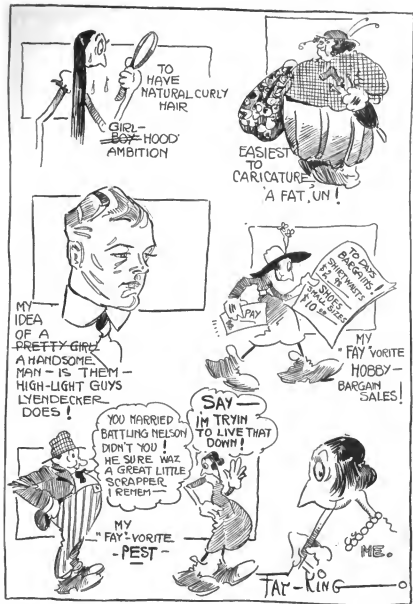
They say the French and British armies keep
The trenches which the Germans dug so deep;
And William, the great Hun—von Hindenberg
Stamps on his corns, but cannot save his sheep.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The rose as where some buried Prussian bled;
That half the Teutons on the eastern front
Will fertilize the soil of France, instead.

And I remember stopping in my car
To watch a Russian thumping a poor Czar:
And through its all-obliterated crown
It murmured, "Keep your energy for war!"

The rising moon that looks for Czars again—
How seldom will she have to wax and wane,
With only poor old Ferdinand to watch:
Ah! soon to search Bulgaria in vain.

And when like them, O Kaiser, you shall creep
Among the crowns Czar-scattered on the heap,
And in your hurried exit reach a spot
Where you may rest, lie down and go to sleep!



CARTOONIST'S CONFESSIONAL

Aw, Fudge, Miss King, Who Wants to See a Pretty Boy? Well, Anyhow, Good Luck to You in Frisco



CARTOONISTS' CONFESSIONAL

George M. Baker, Pittsburgh's Favorite Sports Cartoonist, Hates to Have a Black Cat Cross His Pathway



CARTOONISTS' CONFESSIONAL

Leslie Elton, Who Is With the Movies, Naturally Thinks Charles Chaplin Is an Easy Caricature Study



"This style," said the polite haberdasher, lifting a gandy tie from the counter, is very popular this season. It is called the 'Slacker's Delight.'"

"What an odd name!" we cried.

"Why do you call it that?"

"Well, you see," he explained, "it is yellow, and it runs."—Pnck.

Described

Old Farmer (to soldier son just returned from the front): "Well, Dick, what he these tanks like that there's so much talk about?"

Son: "Why, they're just wobbling thing-amahohs, full o' what-you-may-call-'ems, and they blaze away like hillyo!"

Old Farmer: "Ay I heard they was wonderful things, hut I never could get any details afore."—Tit-Bits.

Wised Up

Two brothers were being entertained by a rich friend. As ill luck would have it, the talk drifted away from ordinary topics.

"Do you like Omar Khayyám?" thoughtlessly asked the host, trying to make conversation. The elder brother plunged heroically into the breach.

"Pretty well," he said, "hut I prefer Chianti."

Nothing more was said on this subject until the brothers were on their way home.

"Bill," said the younger brother, breaking a painful silence, "why can't you leave things that you don't understand to me? Omar Khayyám ain't a wine, you chump; it's a cheese."—Tit-Bits.

An Ancient Privilege

Don McMillan had a small crowd listening to the newest yarns. This is supposed to be his latest:

The haughty English Lord was endeavoring to impress the importance of his family upon Don in the Scotch Highlands.

"Why," he exclaimed, with an eloquent gesture, "my ancestors have had the right to bear arms for the last two hundred years!"

"Hoot, mon," cried Don, "my ancestors have had the right to bare legs for the last two thousand years!"—American Artisan and Hardware Record.



The Lady (engaging a new maid): "And of course I expect you to be very discreet."

The Maid (eagerly): "Yes, Mum, certainly, Mum. And will there be much to be discreet about, Mum?"

—London Sketch.

Ever-Hear-This?

Earning a Lunch

Reginald the Roamer entered a baker's shop, and in a very weak voice asked for a loaf of bread. As he fished out the money for it he raised tired, bleary eyes, and inquired the distance to the hospital.



DOING HER BIT

Benevolent Old Lady (to petulant young soldier who is tapping the curbstone with his stick): "Excuse me, but may I lead you across the street?"—*Sydney Bulletin*.

"What hospital?" asked the baker.

"Fever hospital," gasped the man, feebly picking up the loaf. "I—I feel sure I've got fever."

The baker jumped. "Get out of my shop," he yelled, "and take your filthy money with you."

"Shall I leave the bread?" whined Reginald.

"Take it and go," bawled the baker.

Slowly, staggeringly, reeling as he went, the tramp left the shop. Lorenzo the Lounger waited for him round the nearest corner.

"Now, old boy," said Reginald, "it's your turn to work the dodge for some ham at the butcher's, and then we can have lunch."—Sketch.

Preparedness

During some construction work at the hospital one of the negro laborers went into the laboratory to do some work. On one of the laboratory tables was a large microtome knife. Rastus regarded this blade with considerable interest, and as he was going out said:

"Doctah, I'se goin' to a social tonight an' Ah'd like mos' powerful to borrow you-alls' razahl"—*Journal American Medical Association*.

"I often think," she said, "that women are more courageous than men."

"I know they are," he replied. "Where is there a man who would have the courage to pull out a mirror and doll himself up before a crowd?"—*Dayton News*.



A QUARREL AVERTED

She: "Before we were married you used to send me flowers and chocolates every week."

He: "Very well, dear, this week, as a great treat, you shall have sugar and potatoes."—*The By-stander*.



Bert Thomas in *The Bystander*, London

REPRISALS

—Or the Papier-Mache Ham

Friendless

When the national army cantonment at Camp Funston had been organized, civilian cooks were employed in the officers' messes. Many of the cooks were darkies who were unfamiliar with military usage, and were awed by it.

One dark night, early in the days of the camp, a fat negro cook was returning, late, to his barracks. As he stole up a company street, a guard perceived him and barked out:

"Halt! Who's there?"

"I'se de cook," muttered the darky, and kept sullenly on his way.

Again the guard shouted:

"Halt! Who's there?"

The negro was puzzled at this persistence. Nonplussed, he stopped in his tracks, silent.

Then the guard yelled loudly for the third time:

"Halt! Who's there!" at the same time advancing threatening.

The negro quavered:

"Mister, what is it you-all wants me to say when you says 'Halt'?"

"Say 'friend,'" instructed the guard.

"But, mister, Ah done said Ah was de cook!"—Judge.



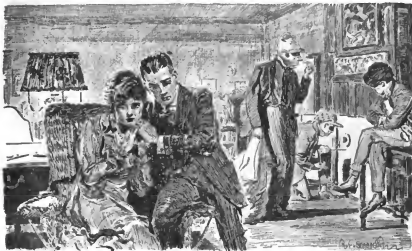
A STICKLER FOR ETIQUETTE

Shocked Parent: "Blowin' yer 'ot tea! You ain't got no manners! What d'yer think they invented saucers for?"—Passing Show.

Ex-Second-story Worker: "Ain't you ashamed of yourself, a-robbin' the gover'-ment?"

Ex-Safeblower: "Whacha mean?"

Ex-Second-story Worker: "Well, the captain says somethin' about a cannon being rifled."—Yale Record.



Nobody Home

Copyright, Leslie-Judge Co.



Copyright, H. B. McClure
 Brinkerhoff in New York Evening Mail
 Past His Station

Lamb or



Donahay in Cleveland Plain Dealer
 "Come on, Old Man Weather,
 put 'er over!"

Donahay in Cleveland Plain Dealer
 Prepare!



Donahay in Cleveland Plain Dealer
HUNTING FOR SPRING
 "Another of those damned sparrows!"

Lion ?



Copyright, Philadelphia Inquirer Co.

Morgan in Philadelphia Inquirer
Dropping the Pilot



Copyright, N. S. McClure

Brinkerhoff in New York Evening Mail
The Guest That didn't Come



Bartholomew in Minneapolis Journal

Both Frost-Bitten



Hungerford in Pittsburgh Sun
Feeding Time

What the Cartoonists are Doing



Capt. Bairnsfather and the Sammies

CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER of the Royal Warwickshire regiment, and creator of "Old Bill," "Bert," and "Alf," has been visiting the American army in France. Just as he has portrayed with keen discernment and a kindly sense of humor the characteristics of the British soldier, so he will portray our own doughboys. Henry Bazin, staff correspondent of the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger with the expeditionary forces, writes entertainingly of his meeting with the great "War God of Laughter." Says Mr. Bazin:

"It was my good fortune to meet the captain as he reached camp, and to extend him the glad hand in some measure like meeting a man I knew, since through Bill, Bert and Alf, at least, I was acquainted.

"I want to see the best bit of your army," he said to me; 'can you tell me where I can find it, for this camp's jolly big?'

"I'll be glad to show you what I think is the best bit, captain. We'll take the press car at 9 o'clock sharp tomorrow morning.'

"That's a go," replied the captain; 'thanks, very much.'

"So I took him to a certain somewhere among these Somewheres in France. I won't say where; because far be it from me to pick one bunch of Sammies as better than another. Yet let it be whispered that there are differences in general physical battalion quality, in 'being well set up,' in last but not least, discipline. My friend, Colonel —, took a liking to Captain Bairnsfather, too. Also, he knew him as I did—through Bill, Bert and Alf.

"So the American officer invited the English officer to stop with him a few days, and he dug out a series of men whom the captain sketched and drew and redrew and made copies of notes upon, out of which will come a series of American Bills, Berts and

Alfs that presently will bring smiles and approbation from France, England and the United States of America.

"For you see," said Captain Bairnsfather to me, 'these Americans strike me as being extraordinarily like ourselves—like Bill, Bert and Alf; they are going to be at war, not in one, and, like them, too, they are going to have a scorn for the *Deutschers* and be determined to see it out. They are a jolly fine lot, and our fellows would be proud to be alongside them in the trenches.'

"Captain Bairnsfather's tale is a fascinating one, the struggle of the artist, and the never-ceasing instinct to draw, finally winning out in great shape, as we say at home.

"He is young and clean cut, perhaps 33 years of age. He comes from a line of ancestors who have made the army a profession; and ergo, thus went into the army himself. A few years before the war he was after the essential instruction, commissioned as second lieutenant in the Royal Warwickshire. Army life in peace time did not appeal to him, 'a lot of drill and all the rest of it,' to quote him, so after a bit he resigned and went in for electrical engineering, during which work he went out to Newfoundland upon a professional errand. All this time, and all the time previous while in the army, and all the time, too, before that, he had an ever-ready pencil and a constant dream of art as a lifework, taking courses in England and devouring everything he could find about artists from Michelangelo to Beardsley. He drew his soldier comrades, his engineer comrades, did a bit here and there; in Newfoundland even drew a 'luggage label for a box, a thing with carious and salmons.'

"And after his engineering job was over he returned to England, where he sold a few drawings, mostly commercial things for



JOHN C. ARGENS
Artist-Humorist of San Francisco

posters and advertisements, among which are posters for Beecham's Pills and Colman's Mustard.

"Things 'brightened up a bit,' as he put it to me in telling me this story, 'and I was getting on when the war came.'

"The war, of course, knocked out any prospects of art work, and the captain offered his services to his old regiment, being accepted with his old commissioned rank of second lieutenant. This was the first week of hostilities, and he came to France shortly after as one of the original 'little contemptibles.' He went through the 'whole show,' was promoted first lieutenant Christmas, 1914, and captain after the second battle of Ypres, in April, 1915, where he was 'knocked up a bit' by shell concussion and a few shrapnel fragments in his anatomy.

"Prior to this time he had drawn and drawn in the trenches, where Bill and Bert and Alf were horn, to liven and amuse the British Tommy. Indeed, the soldier-artist spent all his spare time off duty drawing caricatures of his comrades, and the soldiers pinned them up to the walls of their dug-outs with a hayonet.

"One day he produced a cartoon while sitting about in the mud—the famous cartoon entitled 'Where Did That 'Un Go?' a couple of Tommies with their heads stick-

ing out of a shell hole watching a Boche compliment fly by. This cartoon he sent to the Bystander, in London, and promptly forgot all about it, being busy in soldiering and drawing. One day he received an answer from the editor, saying the latter 'would be pleased to accept it.'

"After his wounds the captain was sent to Poppering Hospital, then to Boulogne, then to General Hospital No. 4, in London. While lying in the latter he signed a contract for the use of all his work, and later, after many advantageous offers, tied up with the Bystander, who now controls his art. He had immense success, was in demand everywhere, wrote a hook said to be one of the best on the war, 'Bullets and Billets,' a story of his first six months' experience in opposing the Boche, and later a play, 'The Better Hole; or, the Romance of Old Bill,' which is drawing crowded houses in London and has for months past, aside from the same success in two companies touring England.

"After Captain Bairnsfather has completed his American Army Bills, et cetera, he goes back to the job of Boche fighting.

"I am going to portray these Americans as I see them,' he said to me at parting. 'and I don't think they will be my worst work.'"



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Marcel Longoni

Joining the Colors

BAER'S MESSAGE TO CARTOONISTS

J. M. Baer, the young congressman-cartoonist, sends the following message to the members of the profession in America:

"To my fellow cartoonists I send my greetings from congress. I know I speak for all congressmen when I say that the nation is proud of the intelligent support of the pens of her artists.

"True patriotism demands service. It is love of country which inspires a citizen to give such service as his country needs at the time his country needs it. Cartoonists are needed now. They are doing their share which is as necessary in my mind as any other war work.

"In the hands of artists lies the power of forming public opinion and in America public opinion rules. You can arouse in the citizens the advantages of our democratic government and the responsibilities which go with it. To be an American is greater than to be a king. Upon the head of every

citizen of this country there rests a crown of civic sovereignty more precious than the jeweled head-piece of any king or emperor. America is going to carry this crown of authority to the people of all the nations of the world."

A CARTOON CALENDAR

A cartoon calendar made up of appropriate drawings by John Scott Clubb, cartoonist of the Rochester Herald, was published recently by Mr. Clubb's newspaper. Copies were distributed by the Herald newsboys as New Year's greetings, and were also sold over the counter, and mailed throughout western New York on order. The cartoons had appeared previously in the Herald.

Nate Collier, formerly cartoonist of the Chicago Journal, is now with the International Film Service.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by R. B. Fuller

"Aw, Sammy, ye oughta be more careful—ye missed him!"



RAY MCGILL

Soldier-Cartoonist Whose Drawings are Appearing in *Cartoons Magazine*

FAKERS USE McCUTCHEON'S NAME

Somebody has been projecting a fake "cartoonists' convention" in Chicago, and using the name of John T. McCutcheon of the Tribune in getting checks and cash for an alleged banquet that is supposed to be part of the entertainment of the visiting cartoonists. No such convention is in prospect and Mr. McCutcheon has nothing whatever to do with any solicitation of funds.

The booster or grafter, or whatever he was, telephoned to Milton Birkenstein of S. Birkenstein & Sons, 409 West Ontario street, and said he was John T. McCutcheon and asked for a check to assist in paying for the cartoonists' banquet. The voice said the check should be made payable to "G. W. Dixon" and that "Mr. Dixon" would call for it. A check for \$25 was made out and "Mr. Dixon" called and received the check.

Mr. Birkenstein learned later that Mr. McCutcheon's name had been used fraudulently.

CARTOONISTS AID WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

Scores of cartoonists responded generously to the request of the National War Savings committee recently for cartoons forcibly impressing the American public with the importance of practicing thrift and investing their savings in War Savings Stamps and Thrift Stamps. The committee rightly decided that no class of men could deliver the message so impressively as the cartoonists. Many of the drawings sent to the committee will be used in newspaper advertisements throughout the country, the advertising copy being woven about the illustrations.

Among the suggestions made were:

That the "Right Now" idea be featured—that each drawing be brought down to the "buying point."

That the idea of thrift as well as habitual saving be emphasized, as it is only constant saving that will bring about the desired end.

That War Savings Stamps be featured first and Thrift Stamps secondarily.

Cartoonists were asked to bear in mind that the appeal should be made to the masses, and that every person is a prospect, whether a foreigner who arrived on these shores only a few years ago, or a ten-year-old child who has not yet learned the meaning of the word "Save." They were asked also to make their drawings intensely human.

WILLIAM J. STEINIGANS DIES

William J. Steinigans, comic artist on the staff of the Sunday World, died at Los Angeles, Cal., Friday, January 25.

Mr. Steinigans was a member of the World staff for about sixteen years, most of that time on the Sunday comic supplement. He was the creator of "The Bad Dream That Made Bill a Better Boy," "Splinters," "Mr. Hubby" and other comic series. He was famous particularly for his funny pictures of dogs, which figured in every series that he drew.

About five years ago, Mr. Steinigans went to California for his health, and with the exception of some time spent in Arizona, he remained there until the end. He is survived by his widow.

THE FUNNYFEATHERS

From the press of E. P. Dutton and Co., New York, comes an attractive volume of sketches and stories by Lansing Campbell, whose humorous studies of familiar barnyard gentry have for many years made a nation laugh. Mr. Campbell is now one of the contributing artists to *Cartoons Magazine*. The book is intended for juvenile readers and deals with the adventures of the Dinky Ducklings, Panty Banty, Pidgy the Poet, Daffy Duck, Old Crooky Crow, and others.

BRIGGS FINDS A FRIEND

Claire Briggs, the cartoonist, had that g-r-r-and and glorious feelin' in his wonderful home in New Rochelle last summer, but when he came to heat it the last few days—Oh, my what coal it took, and how scarce coal is! In fact, he could not heat it and he has moved into a flat which is heated at the expense of someone else. It was a case of a feller needing a friend and the friend rented the flat furnished.



Copyright, E. P. Dutton and Co.

A Page from "The Funnyfeathers" by Lansing Campbell



Drawn for *Cartoons Magazine* by Norman Anthony

"Hustle up, Ruth, if we're going to the movies."



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Norman Anthony

The Pup: "I'd like to know who started this meatless day stuff."

Among the many accomplishments of Charlie Chaplin is the ability to make caricatures. He cartoons excellently, but when asked recently to make a caricature of himself, he fell down completely on the job.

MRS. RALEIGH AND HER DOLLS

Mrs. Jessie McCutcheon Raleigh, sister of John T. McCutcheon, the cartoonist, has embarked in the doll manufacturing business. Mrs. Raleigh, being an artist and a sculptor, is making her dolls as near human as possible. They are all modeled after real children. Their faces are hand-painted to simulate a natural childish complexion, and each doll has its own expression of mischief, coquetry, or affection. The hair is put on as a child's hair naturally grows.

CREEL SELECTS HY MAYER CARTOON

George Creel, Director of Public Information, has selected one of Hy Mayer's cartoons, originally appearing in the Universal Current Events, as fitting propaganda to go abroad to the nations allied with the United States in the world war. "The Eagle's Brood" is the title of the cartoon and nine copies have been sent to the allies for exhibition on the screen as an officially authorized action in support of the war.



Photo by Koehne

Mrs. Jessie McCutcheon-Raleigh and Her Dolls

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"Before my course was half finished I had executed work to the value of \$160.00."
Alfred England,
Lebanon, Ky.

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B. Z. Crawford,
Keweenaw, S. C.

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T. E. Willoughby,
Box 25
Vashon, Wash.

"Now that I have completed my course and am in business for myself, I mildly estimate that my yearly income has increased at least \$600."
D. C. Marriot,
Lethbridge, Alta.

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Porter Athinson,
Baginaw, Mich.

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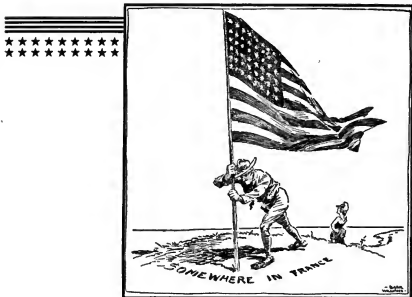
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Gaar Williams in The Indianapolis News

The Cartoon in Pershing's Headquarters

WHAT would you give to have drawn the cartoon that hangs in Pershing's headquarters "Somewhere in France"?

The honor falls to Gaar Williams of the Advisory Staff of the Federal School of Applied Cartooning.

General Pershing writes: "I am charmed to have this Cartoon. When our headquarters left Paris for somewhere behind the lines, one of the bits of office decoration which I took with me was this cartoon."

Such instances as this explain why cartoonists are so keen about their work and receive such high compensation. Success in cartooning and comic art brings greater financial returns than success in most other professions. Gaar Williams is influencing world destinies. He is recognized by the members of his profession as a master draftsman.

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Dear Gentlemen: Your Special Pen Lesson is great. I would be willing to pay five "bucks" for it any day. I personally recommend "How to Get Professional Pen Lines in Your Work" to all art-students, having trouble getting snappy pen lines in their work, no matter what manner they are studying. This will give them something to differ and be proud of.
JOHN McHART, Kansas City, Mo.

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TERRY GILKISON, Cartoonist, Daily News, Omaha, Neb.

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LIVE Agents wanted for guaranteed line: suits \$1 per suit; 150 per dozen; exclusive territory; permanent business. Street & Co., 14 Main, Newark, N. J.

REMIT the Kaiser Pin-Letter was known—Rogers Hit Out; outlined silver; thousands being sold; simple master handling them out and taking money; sample with agents' terms 10c. O. Finch Co., Grand Rapids, MI.

LOW PRICED Cuff Links sold in thirty days by Rayne, Minneapolis. No competition. Interested everywhere. Contacted territory for District Representatives. Write to-day, Starco Corp. C. B. Robinson, Wis.

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AGENTS: Boys' Trade. Wonderful little article. Reselling best; sells like wild-fire. Carry right in pocket. Write at once for free sample. E. M. Peiman, Mgr., 1223 3rd St., Cincinnati, O.

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